THE CALL DRUM

MARY ENTWISTLE
ELIZABETH HARRIS



TEACHERS EDITION



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THE CALL DRUM

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THE CALL DRUM

Story-Book Edition

THE CALL DRUM

AFRICAN STORIES *and* STUDIES
for PRIMARY CHILDREN

MARY ENTWISTLE
and
ELIZABETH HARRIS



Teachers Edition

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THE STORIES

by MARY ENTWISTLE

THE MESSAGE OF THE DRUM

"HARK!" cried Assam. He stopped in the middle of the little crooked path and listened. "It's the call drum, Chuma. Can't you hear it? Ah! There it is again!"

From far off came a low throbbing. It was the village drum calling to them away in the forest. Chuma, who was only eight years old, did not understand all the message. Assam was a big fellow of ten, and every throb and tap and roll beaten upon the drum were to him like spoken words. He listened, with his head held high to catch every sound. Then he laughed. "Good!" he said. "Come on, Chuma, hurry up!"

Chuma skipped quickly after Assam, who had started off at a great pace. "Wait a minute, I want to know. I want to *know,*" he cried. "What does the drum call?"

"Well, slow of hearing, listen," said Assam. He stayed his steps again and put his hand on his brother's shoulder. "Here it comes. This is what it says:

" 'Visitors have come to town, have come to town today.
Visitors have come to town, have come to town to stay.' "

Chuma gave a sudden hop. "Perhaps they are hunters with meat! I mean to be a hunter when I grow up. There will be feasting in the palaver hut tonight."

"But *you* won't be there," said Assam quickly, "nor shall I. It's only real men, and boys that are nearly men, who feast with visitors in the palaver hut. You and I still eat in our mother's hut."

"Oh, I know." Chuma made a little face. "I do wish we were men. But still, there are sure to be some bits left over. Mother or Abwa will save us some," he added hopefully.

"Well, anyway, I hurry on the path for home," Assam said. "There will be news from the strangers. Anything might happen, you know. Suppose we weren't there when it did?"

That was a dreadful thought. Chuma's short legs hurried alongside his elder brother's. Sometimes he had to run half a dozen steps to catch up with Assam's longer strides. He was determined not to be left behind. As they went Assam's feet kept in time with the drum call:

"Visitors have come to town, have come to town today."

Presently they came to the village gardens. There was not a single woman or girl to be seen. No one turned over the rich brown soil with a hoe, or dug yams or cassava root. Everybody had gone to their homes; the drums had called them to prepare food for the feast. Indeed, if you listened carefully you could hear the thudding of the big poles pounding the maize corn into flour. The strong brown arms of the village girls had much work to do tonight.

Assam and Chuma made straight for the palaver hut, wondering much what they would find. A great many men and boys were gathered there, making a tremendous noise.

"The drum has called in men from other villages," said Assam. "See, there is Baluka, the son of the chief of the Village of the Two Gates. His brother and cousins are come too. They are real men."

"Let's push through," Chuma said. He squeezed his

fat little body in between two tall men on the outskirts of the crowd. "Pity me!" he called to them, "I, who live near the ground. Let me see also."

The laughing men let him through, and soon, by pushing, squeezing and pleading, Chuma was in the front row. The ground in front of the hut was covered with carriers' loads—boxes and bundles, carefully roped and tied, ready to be carried on the heads of porters. The dark-skinned porters were resting near them, watching the preparations for supper. On the big veranda of the palaver hut the village chief stood talking with a stranger.

The stranger was an African like the rest of the people, but he was dressed in clothes that were unlike any that Chuma had ever seen. His face was very brown and shiny with the heat, his body tall and strong. Chuma said afterwards that his eyes looked at you as if they knew what you did yesterday and the day before that. Yet Chuma liked the look of him. "He is a man," he said to himself with a little nod of his head. "He stands like my father's spear."

Presently the women of the village brought supper to their husbands and big sons. In their newest pots they carried gifts of food for the strangers. There were boiled ears of corn, greens, cakes of cassava, yams, roasted plantains, peanuts and curds. Chuma sighed. His mouth watered at the sight of the procession of pots full of good food. "Pity me!" he murmured, "I, too, am empty."

As the men sat down to eat in a circle by their loads, the crowd of watching men, boys and little children melted away. It is not good manners in Africa to watch anyone eating, and nobody knew that better than Chuma. His mother had taught him African ways of politeness

ever since he had been able to understand what was said to him. So now he got up at once, not even stopping to sigh once again at the food spread out before the visitors. "Am I to shame my mother?" he asked himself.

He overtook Assam just before they reached their own home. "Did you see them?" Assam asked. "They are carriers passing through to the town by the sea. Such news about them!"

"Make me wise too," said Chuma.

"Baluka told me," said Assam. "Musunga, that's the leader who feasts with the men in the palaver hut—he is a great man. He builds roads for white and black men to walk upon."

"Strange news!" said Chuma. "What does he do that for? We have quite a good path in the forest."

As he spoke, Abwa, their sister, waved to them to hasten. She lifted the big pot of greens from the fire, and her pretty dark arms strained as she poured the contents into a wooden bowl in front of her brothers. "There!" she said, her eyes dancing with laughter.

The boys dug in their wooden spoons. "Oh!" said Assam, and "Ah!" cried Chuma. Mother *had* remembered them, and had left some of the dainties behind for Abwa to cook. There was meat in the stew.

"Assam," called Chuma sleepily, late that night from his mat in the corner of the hut.

"I hear you," said Assam.

"I shall be a hunter when I'm a real man, and the drums shall talk about me. What will you be?"

"Don't know, silly," said Assam, listening to the laughter floating in from the palaver hut. But to himself he said, "I will be a maker of roads, like that one out there. Perhaps—who knows?"

WHITE MEN'S MAGIC

MUPOKO, the village head-man, walked with Musunga, the maker of roads, after their noonday sleep. They had many words to say—of maize crops and ripening bananas, of cassava roots and yams. Musunga's store of food for his men was low, and the village gardens showed plenty of bananas and waving grain. So together the two men walked the straggling, untidy street that ran between the double row of thatched huts. They talked about the price of baskets of grain, of the evil that ants had done to the yams, and of how much money it cost to feed ten strong, hungry men for a month.

Chuma walked close at their heels. He had quite forgotten how often his mother had said, "Feel shame in the presence of the great ones." He wanted to see all that he could of this great one. As his feet padded softly in the dust, Chuma's eyes gazed on the clothes the stranger wore, and on the strong body that swung so easily along the road. "What a man!" thought Chuma, admiration in his eyes. "I, too, will be just so splendid when I am grown." He thought again of the buttons on Musunga's coat. "I, too, will carry two round things on the front of my cloth, just like his. Only truly great men wear them, surely!"

Musunga did not know that a small boy walked at their heels, though perhaps the head-man did. Chuma saw Mupoko glance round once, twice. However, as no scolding voice bade him begone, the boy still ventured to keep near. Presently the maker of roads took from

his pocket a notebook and jotted down some figures as he walked. He did not notice that a loose page fluttered down. It fell at Chuma's feet.

Chuma stood a moment looking at it, half afraid of this new thing. He picked it up, holding it carefully in his brown fingers. He blew off the speck of dust from the paper. Then he stared hard at it. This is what he saw written:

$$27\mathcal{E}=9\times 29$$

"Magic!" Chuma whispered to himself. He did not know that he was holding the paper upside down, but the right way up would have puzzled him just as much.

At first Chuma thought of keeping this strange thing of magic to show Assam and the other boys. It would give him such power! He would say, "I have magic that Musunga dropped," and the boys would say, "Show us, and you shall be leader at leap-frog, or go first in the bathing-pool." Or maybe he could choose the thickest bit of sugar-cane from the old woman who came to the market, if he just gave her a peep of this thing he held.

Then, just as though his mother was near, Chuma heard her say, "This thing you hold is of your finding. But is it of your keeping? Not so, my son." He gave a little sigh for the splendor that might have been his, and then he ran his hardest after the men. He pulled gently at Musunga's sleeve. "This is your magic," he said, "I saw it fall."

Musunga looked down, and his eyes smiled at what he saw. There was *such* admiration in the face lifted to his! He took the paper and replaced it in his book. "Magic?" he said, and there was a question in his voice. "This thing is not magic."

"No?" said Chuma. There was disappointment in his tone. "Not magic of white men?"

Musunga shook his head. "Not magic but learning," he said again. "This may belong to everyone, to white and to black men. Yes, and to boys also."

"Is it the same kind of learning as writing?" questioned Chuma. "Baluka can write. He lives in the Village of the Two Gates."

"And how did Baluka learn?" asked Musunga.

Mupoko, the head-man, answered that question. "Ah! his father is a friend of the white man. Baluka went to the school made by white men. That school stands by the sea. It is a long, long walking to that place."

"I see," and Musunga nodded his head. Then he turned to Chuma, "Will you sell your hands and feet to me this day?"

"Ask me!" said Chuma, almost dancing with joy to think that he could be of use to a real maker of roads.

"My men want many pots of water; they have much clothing to wash, and the stream is far away," Musunga told him. "When they have all they need, come to me for payment."

"I hear," said Chuma, and darted off to his task.

He ran home for the biggest pot he could find that would hold water. Abwa was just in time to save the greens she had got ready for the pot from being emptied on to the floor of the hut. Scolding, and laughing too, she gave him a big clay jar and much advice as to the best place for finding the clearest water. "Remember to put fern leaves on the top of the pot," she said. "They will keep the water from spilling."

Oh, the many times Chuma ran quickly to the river with the empty jar, and just as many times walked

slowly away from it! Quite six times altogether. Those hands and feet he had sold so gladly to the maker of roads, after the fourth time, longed to return no more. They cried out to him, "Stop! we are tired." Still he went on, carrying the brimming pot carefully by its handle of twisted fiber. Every time he would say to himself, "Just once more we go to the river, then perhaps there will be water enough." Each time the porters emptied the jar into big buckets made from oil tins and gave it back empty, he waited for them to say, "Enough: no more." But they did not. The big boys bringing in the cattle called to him to come and help. The younger ones begged him to join their play. To all their invitations he shook his head, his eyes upon the fern leaves that covered the top of the jar, lest he spill the precious water.

Assam, returning from the forest where he had been setting traps for his supper, met Chuma. He stared to see him, who loved play, so busy with work. "What magic is this?" he cried, and Chuma answered, "No magic at all, but Musunga's servant must hasten."

And then as he, for the sixth time, gave that pot with hands that trembled with tiredness into the big grasp of one of the porters, Musunga's voice spoke behind him. "Enough, enough, little carrier of water. Come and I will give you your pay."

Chuma entered the hut lent to the maker of roads. His wondering eyes looked upon Musunga's belongings. "Here is a man of riches," he thought. On the little folding table was an open book, full of that mysterious thing called writing. There were several other books lying about. Chuma touched one. "Of what does this thing speak?" he asked.

Musunga put a fishing line and two new hooks into Chuma's hand. "There is your pay," he said. "As to this book—it speaks beautiful words. It tells wonderful stories, stories of the great God who made us."

"If only I were not as stupid as a hen!" moaned Chuma.

Musunga laughed. "Do you mean that you want to learn to read? Many days you would have to learn before you could do that. But a boy who will keep to one path as my water-carrier did today, he can do almost anything he sets his mind to."

That night just before sleep called to the boys in the hut Chuma said, "Assam, I know what I shall be when I am a real man. I shall be a man of learning and read in these things called books."

"You talk very big," said Assam.



SAKUTU, the drummer, beat upon the call drum the message of the head-man to the villages of the forest. He beat upon it steadily and loudly with his two drumsticks. Oh, what a great noise came from that drum!

"What does the drum say, Sakutu?" asked the village children, those young boys and girls who were too small to understand.

"Listen!" said Abwa, "I will tell you. Beat the drum again, kind Sakutu."

Sakutu, smiling, bent his dark brown body over the drum and beat out the message softly as Abwa told its meaning:

"That thing we spoke of yesterday, it comes tonight.
That thing we spoke of yesterday, it comes tonight."

"I know what comes," Chuma said, stopping on his way to get an armful of greens for his father's goats. "Nobody knows but me."

"Don't be proud," said Abwa quickly.

"Well, *what* comes?" asked Tembe, the little son of Sakutu.

"Stories! News! Tales!" answered Chuma, making a face at his sister. "Musunga has promised to talk tonight in the palaver hut. It is a true word I say. I heard the head-man tell Sakutu to call the message on the drum."

"Such ears," said Sakutu, speaking very softly to his

drum. The other children laughed. "Long ears, long ears!" they cried.

Chuma turned and ran away. He felt hot all over. It was true: he *had* listened to the talk of the head-man and Musunga, but only because he wanted another peep at his new friend.

"It wasn't my fault they spoke so loud, though I shouldn't have told. That was the thing of shame." He stood, frowning, in the shade of a mango tree, feeling that everyone was very unkind that morning. The little crowd of laughing children went by.

"They can't play properly without me," he said to himself. He waited for them to call him, just so as to be able to say "Shan't! The minutes went by and the laughter grew louder, but nobody called "Chuma!" He came out from his hiding-place to see what had happened, and who was leading the play. Abwa was the leader. She had the head-man's youngest child tied on her back, a big, fat baby boy, and was playing a game of hand-clapping with the other children.

"Now, why should she carry on her back one that is not of our family?" wondered Chuma. He remembered that his mother had spoken of the illness of the baby's mother. "How that sister of mine desires trouble," he thought. He suddenly felt a great pride in Abwa. Her merry face and laugh made him feel that he was but a spoilt, foolish boy. His bad temper vanished like the hoarfrost on the roofs in the cold season before the morning sun.

"You, who run away from laughter," he said to himself with scorn, and went off to feed his neglected goats.

All day there was excitement. In every home the mothers heard the same words from their boys and

girls—"There is to be palaver in the hut tonight, Mother. Can't I go and listen?"

"You!" said all the mothers. "How big do you think you are, that you should sit so late and listen to the talk of men?" And everyone promised, "I will be good!"

When the sun went down and the darkness came sweeping swiftly through the streets of the village, little fires flickered and shone in front of the thatched houses. At the first sound of the cheerful voices of the visitors from the other villages, cooking pots and wooden spoons were left. It was a very dark night, and there were only a few bright stars shining high over the village roofs. Up the street, toward the cheerful blaze of the fire burning before the palaver hut, came a little procession of dancing lights. Every family carried a flaming torch snatched from the fires, to light their way in the darkness. The fathers and the visitors were seated, some on the floor of the veranda of the palaver hut and the rest quite near, with the fire in the middle. Then came all the big boys, and after them, in a little crowd at the back, were the mothers and girls. All the babies and small children who were not asleep in their own huts were carried on the backs of their mothers or big sisters. The small, quick boys, like Chuma, wriggled their way through the crowd almost to the front. They sat still as mice behind their fathers, ready to hear and able to see. They took great care to be no trouble at all.

Mupoko, the head-man, began the palaver by telling what everybody knew. "Musunga is a man of our own people," he said, "a man of knowledge, who is a friend of the white men. Many words have we spoken together. It is talk that all men should hear."

"We hear you," said the fathers in chorus. "Tell us of this talk."

"Therefore," Mupoko went on, "I bade the drum call all you who live in the forest, that you too might hear."

"We heard the call," cried the men from the other villages. "We heard and we came."

Then Musunga spoke, and everyone bent forward, listening, listening in the darkness. If a wakeful baby stirred in its nest on mother's back, crying "Oh!" or "Ah!" very quickly was that baby hushed. The maker of roads spoke of the countless little paths that men walked on—tracks that led from one village to another and on to the broad rivers. They were trodden when men went hunting for elephants and leopards.

"We know those paths," shouted the men.

Then Musunga told of the broad new roads that black men and white men were making together; how forests were hewn down, bridges built, and swift rivers crossed.

"Now," he said, "the white men have said to me, 'Go, tell the people of the forest villages we desire to build a road through the forest. Ask them if we may cross their land, and whether we may buy food from them for our men.' And this I tell you."

There was silence for a little and then one man said, "Who will walk on this road if it comes?"

"You will," Musunga told him. "All men will be free to walk this new path. Also men will walk on it who will bring trade to your villages. Knowledge will walk on this road, and good news."

"What knowledge and what news?" asked Mupoko.

"White men's learning, the thing you envy in me," said Musunga, "will come—and the good news of God."

Then, while all were quiet, so quiet, with only the

comfortable noise of the crackling, burning wood, Musunga told a little of the most wonderful story of all. He told of the Lord Jesus coming to this earth as a little child to show the love of God to all men everywhere.

"He walked the path of a little child. What a wonderful walk was that!" said Musunga.

Everyone went home that night quietly, thinking of that story.

"Assam!" called Chuma, as he curled up under his blanket.

"I hear you," said Assam quickly, "but don't say it!"



THE COMING OF THE ROAD

ALL the little paths in the forest were full of new sounds. Sometimes when Chuma and Assam had walked in the forest in the days before Musunga came they had heard loud noises. First came a sudden crack, and afterwards the slow, crashing noise of a falling tree. Many of the trees had stood straight and tall for long, long years, until at last, crushed by the hanging vines or stricken by lightning, they tottered and fell. But since Musunga came the trees were falling every day, felled by the strong arms of stalwart black men. The forest echoed with the noise of sharp axes, the crash of falling branches, and the shouts of men. The village men and boys who walked on the paths in these days walked no more in a green twilight under the arching trees. The undergrowth was stripped bare and the overhanging branches were gone; there was a broad path where before only one man could walk.

"Surely it is a new world." Abwa stood upon the path from the village, just where it met the new broad road where busy men were at work. On her back she carried a tiny baby brother who had come to the home. The little Lucky One, as the baby was called, had brought changes with him. His coming had turned Assam and Chuma out of the hut. They slept now in a little hut of their own which they shared with two other boys. It was great fun to have your own house, of course, but they were both very glad that Abwa still cooked for them.

It was six months since Musunga had first come to the village. Three times had the moon waxed and waned before anything more was heard of the new road. The men in the palaver hut asked each other, "Did Musunga come? Did our ears listen to his promises?" And the boys grumbled, "He was playing with us! Where is this new road of which he talked?" When the full moon for the fourth time flooded the village with light and made silvery tracks through the trees of the dark forest, news came. "The road walks this way. Musunga comes!"

A party of men from the Village of the Two Gates were hunting elephants, and they had met the gang of road-makers and watched them at work. "The road comes," they told Mupoko, "you will hear sounds of its coming by the time of the next full moon."

As the days went by the crash of sharp axes and the buzzing of the saw came nearer and nearer, telling the village that the road-makers were at work. Then other strange sounds reached them—the noise of motor engines and the shrill hoot of a motor horn. Parrots screamed and flew, bright clouds of them, above the treetops. The leopards snarled and leapt from their hiding holes, seeking a spot where the smell of man would not disturb them. Lizards and myriads of creeping things darted here and there, disturbed out of their forest quiet. Only the ants went their way just the same, undisturbed, while Musunga and his men felled the trees and laid the road.

What glorious times these were to the children of the forest villages! The goat-herds and the cattle-boys found it very hard to keep at work, such a making of friendships came about! One day your friend looked after

your goats as well as his, while you spent the time watching the road-builders. The next day you were the goat-tender and your friend ran off to the forest.

One morning Assam and Chuma, having left their goats in another boy's care, ran together to the clearing in the forest. Chuma went straight to the big motor truck that had labored over the rough track from the sea town. He wanted to find out how the motor made that howling noise when it wanted you to get out of the way.

"It must come from underneath," thought Chuma, and wondered whether he dared creep between the wheels and look.

Assam liked best to watch the gang of men busy on the road, working together like brothers. He admired the strength of their brown arms, and liked to hear their laughter and fun. He saw Musunga, who waved a hand to him. By and by he strolled over to where two men were working the double saw that cut so smoothly through the thick tree trunk.

"Such a *little* bit of wood would be very big to me!" he begged. When the men laughed and tossed a small piece over, he caught and hugged it with a big grin of delight. Assam was very clever with his hands; there was nothing he liked better than carving. When he had no soft wood to whittle and cut he modeled wonderful things in clay. Abwa had kept a whole set of tiny pots he had made for her until they crumbled to pieces. (When your pottery is only sun-dried, of course it doesn't last very long.)

Assam looked for Chuma to show him his treasure of wood. He saw two brown legs sticking out from under the truck. He went across to him, calling, "What do you seek, Chuma?"

"The place where the crying comes from," answered Chuma, still hidden.

Now Assam understood very well all about the horn. He gave it a good squeeze, and the honk, honk could have been heard for miles.

Out Chuma scrambled in a hurry. "Did you hear it?" he asked, and his eyes shone with excitement. "I made this thing cry out."

Before Assam could show him what had happened, there was a sudden shout from the men. A heavy wooden block had slipped, pinning one of them beneath it. In a very little time the other men had lifted off the heavy wood, but the man's leg was broken and he moaned in pain.

The boys watched while Musunga made splints from strips of thin wood and fastened them to the injured leg. The big motor truck was cranked up, and the man was lifted inside on to a pile of blankets. Two other men got in with him, and then, going slowly on the uneven road, the truck drove away.

"Where are they taking him?" Assam asked of Musunga.

"To the mission hospital. It is a long way, a day and a night if you were to walk, Assam," answered Musunga. "In the truck they will get him there in a few hours. Besides, the two men who are with him know what to do to help him bear the pain."

"I should have liked to have gone with that truck," said Chuma regretfully as they went homewards.

"So should I," said Assam.

"I shall drive a motor when I am a man," said Chuma.

"Ah, yes," said Assam, "when I have made a road for you."

ASSAM WALKS ON THE ROAD

THE road, a broad clearing among the forest trees, lay quiet and empty. "When shall we walk upon it?" Chuma asked of Assam. The road-makers were now far away, traveling on through the forest, making the road as they went. The parrots were back again, screaming in the treetops, whirling over the road, a little cloud of red and green feathers.

"Listen to them," said Assam. "They are glad that the road-makers are gone, and that some trees are left to them. Parrots do not like new roads or ways."

Since the road was made, stormy rains had swept over the forest. Every night fires were lighted in the huts, and little wet shivering children dried their loincloths and warmed their brown bodies before they curled under their sleeping blankets. Thatches leaked, and mud walls gave way; there were little pools on the floors of many of the huts. Storms had swept the new road, leaving broken branches and scattered leaves on the trail. Yet no mud holes or broken places appeared.

"The road was well made," Chuma said. "Musunga is a straight man." He stooped to gather twigs for the evening fire while Assam hurried to take the goats to their shelter.

Black clouds were sweeping over the darkening sky, stained with the deep red of sunset. "Much rain will come," Chuma said, as he ran with his load of wood. He thought of the hot supper Abwa would have ready, and the good time afterwards round the fire. It was such

fun to sit in the warmth of the little hut, listening to stories and asking riddles, while outside the storm raged.

When Chuma reached the boys' hut Assam's voice called to him. He put his leg over the sill, ducked his head, and entered.

Assam was on his knees lighting the fire from a burning stick he carried. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To our mother's hut for food," said Chuma. "Have you eaten already?"

"No," said Assam. There was trouble in his voice. "We eat here tonight. There is no hot food for us. Abwa is ill." He showed Chuma a basket of corn bread and plantains. "Our mother brought that to me here. Maybe the wife of the head-man will cook for us tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" said Chuma. "How long will be the sickness?" He looked at Assam in dismay.

He knew that people were sometimes ill; he had had pains himself when he had eaten too much melon. Old people were often ill and so were babies. Evil spirits, he had been told, troubled babies when they cried. But his sister—she who ran on such quick feet and whose arms carried burdens so well—she *couldn't* be ill? His brother's grave face made him feel uncomfortable.

Presently the little fire blazed merrily and Assam stood up. "She is very ill with fever," he said.

Supper was a miserable meal that night. When the other two boys tumbled in with laughter on their rain-washed faces, they found Assam and Chuma in no mood for stories. All went early to bed and the brothers lay awake for a long time, listening to the storm and thinking of Abwa tossing with fever in their mother's hut.

In the morning Assam's father met him. "Bring to

my hut the goat that has the black tuft on its back," he said.

"That is the best goat of all," Assam told him.

"That is a true word," said Chitambo. "Such a goat makes a good present. It is for the doctor, that he may make good medicine."

"The medicine man?" Assam cried. "How ill my sister must be!"

The morning seemed very long. Chuma went off with the goats alone, while Assam waited where he could see a long stretch of the road, for it was upon the new road that the medicine man would travel. At last Assam saw him coming. He knew him by the strange cap and clothes he wore, made from the skins of animals.

Assam went to meet him, and with every step he took, his feeling of unhappiness grew. The medicine man looked horrible. His face was daubed with paint and chalk, very ugly to see. Assam thought of the kind looks of Musunga and the gentle way he had helped lift the man with the broken leg. "Oh, how I wish Musunga were here!" he said to himself.

Assam greeted the doctor and led him to Chitambo's house. The payment of a goat was made, and the doctor began to try his charms and medicines. He did not understand that Abwa's fever had come because the hut was damp and she had caught cold. It was an evil spirit causing the fever, he told Chitambo, and it must be driven away.

Yet all his medicines did not help Abwa; she grew steadily worse. On the second morning, as Assam and Chuma tended the goats together, they saw the doctor, driving the goat, leaving the village. But they knew Abwa was no better.

Suddenly Assam knew what he must do. He got up, shook his blanket, and flung it upon his shoulder. Then he turned to Chuma. "I go to walk the new road," he said.

"What is this you say?" cried his brother.

"See the doctor," said Assam, pointing. "He goes, he can do nothing with his medicines. When Musunga had the fever he had strong medicine, little white things. He swallowed them and the fever left him."

"Certainly that white medicine was strong," Chuma agreed. "But Musunga is gone. He makes the road a long way off."

"I know we cannot reach *him,*" said Assam. "But also I know that the hospital keeps all the medicines of the white men. And that hospital is a day and a night away."

"Do you mean that you go to find that hospital?" cried Chuma.

Assam nodded. "I go to get the white medicine for Abwa."

"You walk the new road!" Chuma said. "I walk it with you." But Assam shook his head. "Who will look after our father's goats? You must stay, or I cannot go. Ah, Chuma, it is a hard saying but it is true. Tonight go to our father and tell him where I am gone." And turning, Assam left the clearing.

That night Chuma went to his father's hut and stood in the doorway, looking. "Speak, Chuma," said Chitambo. Then Chuma told his father of the white men's medicine and of Assam's walk upon the new road to fetch it for Abwa.

How hard it was to watch the goats when you wanted

to walk the new road! But somehow the night and the day passed.

At sunset the second night after Assam's going Chuma heard the toot of a horn. He ran his hardest and was just in time to see Assam jump from the carrier of a motorcycle. Assam had ridden in from the hospital with the white doctor! Quickly Assam called, "Fetch the head-man and Chitambo, our father. Here is the white man come to heal Abwa."

Chuma went like the wind. How glad he was to know Abwa would be made better! He watched Chitambo and the head-man greet the white doctor, then trotted after the two men right to the door of the hut where his sister lay tossing with the fever. *"Now,"* said Chuma, with a nod of his curly head, *"now* the white man gives the little white medicine."

In the boys' hut that night Assam told of his long walk to the hospital. "You are a man," said Chuma with a sigh, "and you have brought healing to Abwa."

"So are you a man," said Assam quickly. *"You* helped to bring healing. Did you not do my work so that I could travel on the road? Only a true man could do a thing like that."

THE GOOD NEWS TRAVELS

"AM I so stupid?" Chuma asked himself, staring at a letter that he had made in the sand. Baluka, the teacher, had shown the class the way that the letter was made that sounded like a breath. He had written it on a slate—***h***—so, and all the class wrote it after him in sand. Chuma had done it quite well.

Then an inquisitive goat strayed into the class, and Chuma ran to chase it away. When he sat down again he found his letter changed. He was *sure* that he had written ***h***, and yet when he looked he saw ***y***. "That is a letter also, with quite a different sound," he said to himself, "Who has changed my letter?"

Every black head was bent over its task of letter making. No one looked at Chuma. Very much puzzled, he got up again and sat where he could see the blackboard. He looked at his letter and lo! it was ***h*** once more. He frowned, stared, and then burst out laughing. His letter was the right letter when he looked at it the right way up! "I am as stupid as a hen," he said.

This is the story of that learning over which the class was so busy. It had come to the villages of the forest along the new road. When the white doctor came, bringing healing to Abwa, the drum had sent out a message: "A thing of wonder—come and see!" So, as dusk came down upon Mupoko's village, the men streamed in from the forest to see the white man and to marvel at the shiny, swift wheels that had carried him and Assam along the road.

Again the ground before the palaver hut was covered with eager listeners, waiting to hear what news the white man had brought. When he spoke of the great God, the Father of all men, they nodded their heads.

"That is what Musunga, our brother, told us," they cried. "This white man tells the same news."

When he spoke of the commandments of God, and of how men broke God's laws, "This also is true," they said, "we have all done wrong." But when the loveliest story was told them—"of Jesus and his love"—"Ah!" cried Mupoko, "tell us that many times, so that we may remember."

Long after Chuma and Assam had gone to sleep in their little quiet hut the white man and Mupoko talked together. "I see," said Mupoko, "that this new thing that you call school must come to us lest our children grow up ignorant like their fathers."

"Yes," said the white man. "Now that Baluka is staying all the time of the rains at the mission school, he will soon be ready to make school for your boys and girls."

"Girls also?" asked Mupoko. "Must school be for girls too?"

"Most certainly for girls," said the white doctor promptly. "All the good things must be for girls as well as for boys. School will make your girls wise so that they too will be able to read the stories of Jesus and of the Heavenly Father."

"Ah!" said Mupoko. "To be able to read such stories, that surely will be good for both girls and boys. Let this thing you call 'school' travel to us upon the new road."

And so that wonderful learning Musunga had promised did come. In a little while Baluka walked on the road

from the mission school. His books and slate hung upon his back, and in his head he carried such knowledge! He felt very young to be a teacher, and hoped that his pupils would be good and obedient. They were!

The school was held in the Village of the Two Gates, where Baluka lived. At first he taught just outside his father's hut, with all the other fathers looking on. He wrote upon his big board, and the class wrote in the sand with a little bit of stick. Everyone thought it wonderful except Baluka. He remembered the mission school, with its table for the teacher, its slates and pencils, reading books and writing books. "These too must travel on the road," he told his pupils, "but we must do our part."

And with one voice the school cried, "We too will do our part. Only tell us what to do."

The very morning that Chuma had puzzled over his letters, Baluka had news to tell. The people of the mission school had promised to send books and slates and pencils for Baluka's pupils if they would build a schoolhouse. Also, each scholar must bring school fees to help pay for their teacher and their books.

"We will, we will!" they cried. The rest of school time was spent in choosing the place for the schoolhouse and the trees from which the hut poles would be cut.

Everybody helped. Assam and Chuma carried palm leaves woven together for the roof-top. Other boys stamped the ground, to make it hard, or dragged in the poles and the branches. The fathers helped to set in the supports and the ridge pole and gave lots of advice about the walls and the thatching. The carpenter of Baluka's village gave him a little table he had made, and Assam carved Baluka a stool.

Then one day the white people from the mission came and opened the school, saying with wonder in their faces, "This have you builded for your school? It is well done!" And all the children came proudly in with their school fees of eggs and chickens and fruits.

Wonderful things walked on the road that day. A phonograph came in the motor with the white people, and everyone sat round to listen to the music that came out of a box. "Such magic!" they said. "What other new thing walks upon that road? We are full of wonder."

So the little school grew and prospered, and it was not long before Chuma knew whether he was looking at letters the right way up or not. He learned much more wisdom than that, and soon could read very well indeed. Musunga always came to the school when he passed along that road, and told them stories of the big world outside the forest that Chuma and Assam would one day see for themselves. How they loved that African road-maker!

The school hut was the first building made by loving hands in that village of the forest. Then there came a day when all the men and women, boys and girls, came together to build a little new thatched house, a house of God.

Just as they had helped in building the schoolhouse, so they helped to build the church. It had square sides made of well-dried mud bricks, a thick thatch of palm leaves, two open window spaces through which the sweet winds could enter, and a high doorway. At one end stood a table covered with a woven cloth. A book lay upon it. Above hung a carved wooden cross.

Every Sunday the drum called, "Come and worship,

come and worship." It called loudly for the far-off villages, and softly for those near at hand. Then all the village folk, dressed in clean clothes and with peaceful, happy faces, came together to the church. Sometimes there was no preacher, and Mupoko would ask one of the school children to read from the Bible. Always it was very quiet in the church.

"Assam," said Chuma one day as they walked home from worship, "what are you going to do when you are a man?"

"Make roads," said Assam. "I promised myself long ago."

"Good things, roads," agreed Chuma. "As for me, I will walk on the roads you make."

"What will you carry on those walks?" asked Assam.

"I will carry the Good News," said Chuma, "to those villages of our great forests where it has never traveled."

"What adventures for us both!" said Assam.

"And the call drum!" Chuma hopped on one foot in his excitement. "In how many villages will it say, 'Assam comes! Chuma is here!' "

"Yes," said Assam. "We shall tremble lest the drum make us proud."

THE COURSE

CLASS SESSIONS AND EXPERIENCES

by ELIZABETH HARRIS

THE COURSE

Five groups of primary children, including the one taught by the writer, have contributed to the making of the section of this book entitled The Course. To their teachers who were willing to experiment, grateful acknowledgment is given. The groups worked over periods varying from eight to fifteen weeks, and numbered from eight to twenty children, both boys and girls. The communities in which they lived ranged from a small suburban village to New York City. Except in the case of the group taught by the writer, all sessions were held in weekday schools of religion. The single Sunday group met every Sunday morning from quarter before ten to quarter after twelve, and took up Africa in connection with other devotional and Bible work. No attempt has been made to keep the records of the five groups separate, but the writer has reported in the main the project with her own group, while drawing freely from the experience of the others.

In each case the stories in this book were used as basic material, but how variously this material was supplemented should be evident throughout the present section.

The writer has attempted to show how many of the enterprises described were initiated by the children, and how she tried to use any suggestions which they made. Indeed these very suggestions determined to some extent the way in which the course was developed. It is this spontaneity and responsiveness of children which, besides being the objective of all modern educational method, is the teacher's joyous reward.

SESSION I

Materials that will help. It will be evident to the leader who reads this book that its emphasis is upon method and not upon materials. For this reason the full choice of materials and their best use will be conditioned by the leader's own problem and experience. It must be remembered, however, that the conduct of the course will not wait for this experience, so that at least the nucleus of a collection must be on hand at the start. The collecting of specific materials named for use in a given session cannot be deferred until just before time for that session, but must begin as soon as the leader decides to undertake the course. For this reason the materials recommended are not listed under the separate sessions, but all together at the start, in the paragraphs that follow. The sessions reveal the materials needed and how they are to be used. The bibliography supplies details by which they may be identified and ordered.

Globe of the world; African Picture Map; African Picture Sheet.

Pictures: of African scenery—jungles, streams, trails, etc.; of African people; of African drums or models of these; of African, American, and Hebrew schools; of churches, American and African; of an African village; of a mission doctor and hospitals. Also copies of these paintings: Hofmann's "The Childhood of Christ," Copping's "The Healer," Janssen's "Madonna and Child"; African Children with Madonna and Christ Child.

African objects and curios; African musical in-

struments, and phonograph records of African music.

Materials for making call drum; for making African village; for writing.

Stereopticon: of African scenes and missionary activities.

For all of these, see Sessions and bibliography.

Story used. "The Message of the Drum." (P. 3.)

Problem. To show some interesting phases of life in Africa; to portray African children as simple and human like all children, the kind of children one would like as friends.

Pre-session period. Have pictures pinned on a screen or on tables. As the children come in, direct their attention to the pictures and start informal conversation about these. Help them to find Africa on the globe and trace the way to get there. Point out steamship routes. The children will be eager to find on the globe the places where they live or places they may have visited. They should be encouraged to do so, as it will help them to judge distances and see the geographical relationship of countries.

Hymn. The Lord Is In His Holy Temple.

Prayer. The Lord's Prayer.

Scripture. Psalm 100.

Hymn. Shall we sing our song about the church? [The Quiet Sabbath Morn Is Here.]

Offering. Shall we take our offering now, and ask John to count afterwards and tell us how much we have? And now shall we offer our prayer?

Our Father, we are glad that we can bring our money to help take care of other children in the world. Amen.

Hymn. We sang one of our songs about the church and the church bells. Would you like to sing the one that tells us what the bells say? [Come, Come, People Come.]

Conversation. Some of you were looking at pictures and curios before our church school began. Can you tell what you saw? Where do the people live? Who can point out the place on the globe? Who knows how one would travel to Africa? Some of you were looking at pictures [or models] of drums. I suppose the Africans have used drums for a great many centuries. At any rate, they use them now for all sorts of purposes.

Introducing the story. We have been singing songs that tell what our church bells say to us: Come, come, people come. We heard them this morning as they told all the people in the city to come to church. Our difficulty [in the city] about depending upon bells to tell us that it is time to go to church or to do anything else, is that some of us can't hear them. How many of you can hear our own church bells in your homes? Not anyone? Why? [The children will probably suggest such reasons as distance, the noise of the city, the high buildings that shut off sound.] What do we do usually when we want to send a message? Yes, we telephone. We have the radio, too, a very wonderful instrument that catches the sounds that are in the air that our ears can't hear. We make use of wires to carry sound. Now in Africa, instead of bells telling people to come to church, or instead of telephones or telegraphs or radios bringing messages, a drum sounds. You can imagine how clear and quiet the country must be when you can hear one drum sound for miles and miles. But do you know how they manage it when they have to send a message farther than the drum can sound? The first drum calls to the nearest village, and then

that village picks up the call and drums it over again to the next, and so on until the final destination is reached. It is rather like a relay hook-up on a radio, isn't it? Except that the sound of the drum is something everybody can hear with no machine at all. [Show a call drum if possible; if not, show picture or model of one.]

Not only can the drummer call people together, but he can actually say words with the drum. For instance, he could say, "Come, it is time to go to church. Dr. Brown is preaching today." Everyone has a drum name, so that if a person were not present the drum could call that person's name like this: "Evelyn, why aren't you here? It is time for church school to begin." And then if Evelyn had a drum with her, perhaps a carrier's drum, she could answer, "I am on my way but the trolley is very slow. I will be there soon." [Evelyn had been a few minutes late that day, and as she hurried in she had said to the leader, "Am I late? I started in time, but the trolley was so slow I was afraid I would be late."]

Of course the call drum says many other things besides the call to come to church. I have a story about two African boys, one just about your age and the other a little older. The story tells what they heard the call drum say, and about some of the things they did. Before I tell the story there are a few words of which you will need to know the meaning. One of the words is palaver. Palaver means talking. The palaver house is where the men and sometimes the women go to talk about many things. Sometimes they just talk about ordinary things, but often they are called to the palaver house to hear important news. Other words are cassava and yam. Cassava roots are a kind of greens, and yams are something like our sweet potatoes. The story makes use also of the word carriers. In that part of Africa there are no trains, and until recently there were no roads. Everything had to be carried by men who went in single file over the narrow paths, usually carrying their loads on their heads. These

men are called carriers. Now I think we are ready for the story.

Telling the story.

After the story. Let the children comment and ask questions. If they are like other groups that have been told these stories, they will be fascinated with the message of the call drum, and if you have a model of one, they will enjoy trying to beat out messages on it themselves. Lacking the drum, they will get some idea of the way it "speaks" by trying to beat out a familiar tune on the table, or with a fork or spoon on a glass, and seeing how many can guess what it is.

It may be that there will only be time to talk about the drum; that at this first session there will not be time for a story. Remember that unless you make sufficient explanation before telling your story it will be ineffective. The children will either be uninterested or their minds will be so occupied in trying to solve the unfamiliar part that they cannot give their attention to the rest of the story.

In our group we had no story until the second session. For the first session we had stereopticon pictures and some curios, and the time usually given to the story was spent in conversation. We felt that this procedure would help the children to orient themselves, and to understand and appreciate the stories better. [See section, "Using Stereopticon Pictures," page 93.]

Hymn. We have a song that tells us that God, our Heavenly Father, cares for his children everywhere. Shall we sing it? [God's Children Live In Many Lands.]

Prayer. Did Chuma and Assam have a church to which they could go? They didn't know much about the Heavenly

Father. They thought that Zambe, as they call God, had made the world and then gone off and left it; that he didn't care for them at all.

Our Father, we have loved to hear about Chuma and Assam. We should like to hear the call drum and go to the palaver house to hear news. We are glad that your children live in many different countries. We are glad that Chuma and Assam will soon know about your love and care. Amen.

I find myself often wanting the children to feel an at-homeness with the Heavenly Father to which the formalized thee, thou, and thy are sometimes a barrier. For this reason the you form of address is sometimes used in this book. On the other hand, oftentimes there are valid reasons for preferring the traditional form, one of them being the sense of awe, the possibility that this departure from the familiar language helps children to sense the greatness and majesty of God. In this book, for the most part, the traditional form is used.

Suggested activities. These suggestions are tentative only. Leaders will select the ones that appeal to them or for which they have time. Not all could possibly be a part of any one session.

Making call drums. Look again at a call drum, or at a picture or model of one. The drums may be made of plasticine or paper, or mailing tubes may be utilized to advantage.

African games. See page 106. Early in the course it is wise to introduce the group to the play life of African children. It will help as perhaps nothing else will if they can see that African children enjoy playing as children here do. For groups which meet only on Sunday, a week-day party is suggested, at which both African games and games that are the children's own shall be played.

Dramatizing the story. The story told at this session is simple and easily dramatized. One leader describes her group's reactions to it as follows:

"The children wanted to dramatize the story, and I discovered the reason for their enthusiasm when they all wanted to be the drummer. The dramatization ended with James playing the part of Assam, saying, 'I want to be like the road-maker when I grow up.' 'I know how he felt,' said Barbara. 'Do you remember the lady with the big yellow dress that sang to us at a party? [This party had been held two years before, and the singer had worn an old-fashioned hoop-skirt costume.] I want to be just like that lady when I grow up, she was so sweet!' "

In developing the dramatization with the children, the leader would proceed somewhat as follows:

Would you like to play the story? What people do you want to include? [Chuma, Assam, Musunga, the drummer.] Shall we have the people in the palaver house also? And shall Musunga tell them what he wants to do? What shall we have for our first scene? Yes, Chuma and Assam playing together and suddenly hearing the call drum.

The conversation and action will all be very simple and brief, as:

Scene I.
Characters: Assam, Chuma, drummer.

Drummer beats on drum.

ASSAM: Listen! That's the call drum. Chuma, do you hear it? Come on, Chuma, hurry up.

CHUMA: But tell me, Assam, what the drum says. I want to know too.

ASSAM: This is what it says: (*Repeats the couplet, page 3, beating out time with hands and feet*)

CHUMA: Perhaps it will be hunters bringing meat. Maybe there will be a feast at the palaver house tonight.

ASSAM: But you won't be there. It's only real men who feast with visitors at the palaver house. You and I still eat at our mother's house.

CHUMA: Anyway, I don't care. Mother or Abwa will save us something.

ASSAM: Well, let's hurry. I want to see who has come.

The scene could begin with several children playing an African game, such as "The Goat and the Leopard" (see page 107), and suddenly hearing the call drum. Assam and Chuma could carry the conversation, or the children could readily improvise conversation for the others.

In any instance where dialogue is set forth, the teacher will understand that it is only to give an idea of the way in which children are likely to respond. The suggestions are not meant to inhibit either her or her pupils. Always each group will work out the episodes independently.

Scene II. The palaver house.

Characters: Mupoko, head-man of the village; Musunga, the African road-maker; the people of the village, including of course Chuma and Assam.

All the children gather around and sit on the floor, Assam and Chuma squeezing through the group so that they may sit on the front row. Mupoko and Musunga seated on chairs in front.

CHUMA (*as he is squeezing through the crowd*): Pity me who live so close to the ground! I want to see.

MUPOKO: I have called the people together to hear what you have to say.

MUSUNGA: I want to build a road through the jungle.

MUPOKO: What do you want to build a road for?

MUSUNGA: So that news may come and we may know all that happens in the world.

MUPOKO: Will you tell us more about it as we feast together?

ASSAM (*to Chuma*): We must go now. You know our mother would be ashamed of us if we watched Mupoko and this strange man eat.

Scene III.

Characters: Assam, Chuma and Abwa.

Chuma and Assam coming from the palaver house are met by Abwa.

ABWA: Hurry, boys, I have a fine supper for you.

CHUMA: Is it like the one the men are eating in the palaver house?

ABWA: Yes, Mother said I could save some for us.

ASSAM: Abwa takes good care of us, doesn't she, Chuma? Hurry, I'm hungry.

SESSION II

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "White Men's Magic"; Part I, Chuma Learns that Finding Isn't Keeping. (P. 7.) For discussion of reasons for dividing the story into parts, see page 45.

Problem. To present a situation common to most primary children, namely, "What shall I do with something I find and want to keep?"; to help them to appreciate the fineness of an African boy who returned something he had found which he very much wanted.

Pre-session period. Look at pictures and curios. If the children started at the last session to work on call drums, that work may be resumed by the early comers. Some children may bring pictures of Africa. These should be examined by the group and teacher, and put up where they can be referred to later. Or the period may be used in learning new world-friendship songs.

Hymns. Come, Come, People Come; The Lord Is In His Holy Temple.

Scripture. Jesus tells children to come to him; the story as told in the *Children's Bible,* page 245 (see bibliography).

Hymn. I have been thinking about what we said last Sunday about Assam and Chuma and the others in Africa not

knowing about the Heavenly Father or about Jesus. Do you know the song I have been thinking about all week? Perhaps you have been thinking about it too. Shall we sing the Whisper Song?

Prayer. Our Father, we wish we could tell Assam and Chuma how much the Heavenly Father loves all his children. Help our missionary to tell them, and help us to help her, by our gifts and by our prayers. Amen.

Conversation. One of the leader's questions was, "What are some of the ways in which we could tell children who are far away from us that Jesus loves them?" The responses generally were, "Write to them," and when it was pointed out that the African children could not read our language one child said, "Send pictures of Jesus; they could understand those." Others said, "Help missionaries"—we had talked about the missionary from our own church and what she was doing and what we could do to help her. The children of one group wanted to make something for Chuma and Assam. If your children give money, it should be translated into terms of definite articles. Another group which made a gift of money to the missionary who had been sent by their own church to Africa, wanted her to provide the African children with quinine pills, sugar-cane candy, care in a hospital if they were sick, and "nice clothes."

Report of visit to museum. Some of us visited the museum last week. Carleton has written an account of the things we saw. Would you like to have him read it? [See page 123.]

Discussion of problem involved in story. The problem of what to do with an article that one has found, isn't an easy one for children. In the process of discussing it this particular group indicated by their comments how intri-

cate it is. Some suggested of the article that they might "put it in the offering." As to the element of honesty, it became clear that even primary children rationalize their desires: "Of course I always put in my own offering, but if I *find* an envelope I take the money and spend it for candy." This problem, then, is a real one, and the story permits at this point of special treatment which may help the group to think out a right procedure for themselves when they are similarly situated. Another reason which is convincing to some teachers for dividing this story and making its crux Chuma's struggle with the desire to keep the paper, is that they feel that one of the ways in which children of different races or different material circumstances are helped to understand and sympathize with each other, is through realizing that the questions they face are very much the same. If the children can rejoice in Chuma's victory over his desire to keep the paper, which to his mind would be an open sesame to all sorts of rare privileges, teachers may feel that an advance has been made toward real friendship.

Telling the story. A slight change needs to be made if the story is to be divided. It should be told as it is given to the point of the paragraph on page 9 that begins, " 'I see,' and Musunga nodded his head." Then it should end:

" 'And would you also like to know how to write?' Eagerly Chuma answered 'Yes.' 'Well, you will some day,' and then Musunga added, 'Perhaps soon.' "

Suggested activities.

Making an African village. There are varying types of material for this activity; for instance, there are the already completed villages, there are those made of cardboard which the children color and cut out, and there are

the rather more pretentious ones where material is provided but where the children must use real skill to put them together. [See bibliography for list of materials.] Much more valuable from the educational viewpoint is the village that the children make themselves, the one which permits them to decide upon the important items to be included and to which they keep adding as they learn of other interesting activities or modes of life of African boys and girls, checking up on their own efforts as they get additional information. For description of such a village, see page 100.

Dramatizing the story. A simple dramatization, such as the children will be able themselves to suggest, is as follows. The action is simple and the children take turns in acting different parts.

Scene I.

Characters: Mupoko, Musunga, Chuma.

MUSUNGA: I wonder whether you will have food enough to feed my men.

MUPOKO: Yes, I think so. Of course, the ants have eaten the yams, but we have other food that we can give them. (*Musunga takes out book and begins to figure. Leaf drops.*)

MUSUNGA: Let's see, how much will it cost? (*They go off. Chuma stops, picks up the paper and begins to talk to himself.*)

CHUMA: Magic! White men's magic! A regular fairy's wand! [The children's own interpretation, and such a good one that the leader encouraged Chuma to say it, although fairies' wands may be unknown in Africa.] What things I can do now! The boys will have to let me be first all the time—at leap-frog, at swimming, at everything. And when I go to market, I'll get the best and biggest sugar-

cane by just showing a little of this to the old woman who sells it. Oh, but I'm glad I found his magic! Assam will surely wish he had found it. (*Starts off, then suddenly stops and hesitates, starts again, then stops.*) What is it our mother is always telling us—"This thing you hold is of your finding, but is it of your keeping?" Oh, I suppose I've got to give it back. How I wish I could keep it. (*Runs off stage.*)

Scene II.

Musunga and Mupoko, walking and talking, are overtaken by Chuma who pulls Musunga's sleeve.

CHUMA: This is your magic, I saw it fall.
MUSUNGA: This is not magic.
CHUMA: Oh, I thought it was white men's magic.
MUSUNGA: No, this isn't magic. It is learning: for white and black, for boys and girls, everybody.
CHUMA: Like Baluka—he can write.
MUSUNGA: Can he? Where did he learn to write?
CHUMA: He went to the white man's school. I wish I could have learning.
MUSUNGA: You will some day. Perhaps soon.

SESSION III

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "White Men's Magic"; Part II, Chuma Works Hard For His Friend. (P. 9.)

Problem. To present another typical situation for primary children, namely, the temptation to stop working as soon as one grows tired or one's interest lags; to show how Chuma kept on working even after he had become very tired.

Pre-session period. Look at pictures. If children bring in material such as pictures, original drawings, stories, or curios, these should be examined and provision made in the program for showing them.

Hymns. The Lord Is In His Holy Temple; God's Children Live In Many Lands.

Scripture. Do you remember that in the story we had last week Chuma did something that was hard to do? He gave up something which he very much wanted to keep. I am sure he must have felt that if he were Musunga he would be sorry to lose anything as valuable as Chuma thought the piece of paper was. I have been thinking of a verse from the Bible that we call our Golden Rule. Shall we say it together? [*Luke* 6:31-32.]

Hymn. Now shall we sing it? [One Lovely Rule.][1]

[1] From *Songs for Little People* (see bibliography).

Prayer. Our Heavenly Father, we thank thee for all thy gifts to us. We thank thee for beautiful trees and flowers, and for fathers and mothers who take care of us. We pray for all thy children everywhere, for Chuma, Assam and Abwa in Africa, and for the children in all the different lands. Help us to obey the Golden Rule and to be kind and helpful to each other. Amen.

Hymn. All The Little Children.

Learning a new song. Do you remember the lullaby we sang when Edward's little sister was born? And then again when John's little brother came? Would you like to sing it now? [Sing: There Are Blessings From God.[1]] Of course African mothers sing to their babies just as all mothers do. One of my friends who lives in Africa wrote down a song that she has often heard the mothers there sing. These are the words [repeat as on page 53].

Of course when this mother says, "Don't pinch my baby," she is joking, just as we often say jokingly if a baby cries, "Someone must have pinched him." You see, she is thinking, just as mothers do here, of all the things she will have to do while the baby is asleep. One interesting part of this song is the way "Éh" is sung after each phrase. You know we have many songs in which "Ah" is sung. In the African song it is "Éh," so that the mother sings, "Don't pinch my baby and make her cry, éh, éh," and this refrain comes over and over. Would you like to listen while I sing it? Then we will all try. [See page 53.]

Introducing the story. Today we have another story of Chuma and Musunga. This story tells about how hard Chuma worked to help Musunga. Before we hear the story, perhaps you would like to tell about the way you work. [Let the children tell about the way they work, then lead them to

[1] *Carols* (see bibliography).

the main issue, perhaps as follows.] Did you ever keep right on helping Mother when some of the other children were calling to you to come and play? Or did you keep on even after you were very tired and it seemed that you couldn't do anything more? Suppose you listen while I tell you about Chuma.

Telling the story. You will need to improvise a beginning for Part II of the story:

Musunga came out of his house and looked anxiously about. His men had been working hard all week and now they must do their washing. But the only water was in the stream far away. If the men spent their time getting the water, there would be no time to do the washing. Anyway, the men had been working hard and were tired. It seemed a pity for them to have to carry the water as well as wash the clothes. Suddenly Musunga saw Chuma. Chuma seemed to be always somewhere near Musunga. As Musunga saw him, his face brightened, and calling Chuma to him he said . . . [Continue with story as given on page 9 beginning with, "Will you sell your hands and feet to me today?"]

Suggested activities.

Work on African village.

Introduce African Picture Map, and point out animals and other objects on the map. Let the children freely converse about what they know of Africa.

Dramatizing the story. A new dramatization would not be given each Sunday. Sometimes the children will want to play a favorite story again and again. In a large department different groups could play the various stories. This story lends itself admirably to dramatization. Abwa and Assam as well as Chuma can be made important characters. Then there will be the children who try to coax Chuma to leave his task and play with them.

Scene I.

Characters: Musunga, Chuma, Assam, Abwa and other children.

MUSUNGA (*looks around and sees Chuma*): Chuma, come here, will you please? Will you sell me your hands and feet today?

CHUMA: Ask me!

MUSUNGA: My men need to wash their clothing, and the stream is far. Will you bring water? When you have brought enough, come to me for payment.

CHUMA: I hear.

Scene II.

Characters: Chuma and other children.

CHILDREN: O Chuma, come and play with us. We are going to play leap-frog.

CHUMA: No, I am busy.

CHILDREN: We will let you be "it."

CHUMA: No, I have to carry water for Musunga's men.

Scene III.

Characters: Chuma, Assam and other boys.

ASSAM: Chuma, come help with the goats.

CHUMA: No, I can't. I have to carry this water.

ASSAM: I should think you would be tired. You have nearly run your legs off carrying that water.

CHUMA: I am tired, but I promised Musunga.

OTHER BOYS: Come and help *us* now. We will let you be the first to dive when we go swimming, if you help us now.

CHUMA: No, I have to carry water until the men say I have brought enough.

Scene IV.

Characters: Musunga and Chuma.

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CHUMA: I have finished.

MUSUNGA: Here are some fishing lines and hooks for your pay. Would you like to look at my books? This one (*picking up the Bible*) has the best stories you ever read.

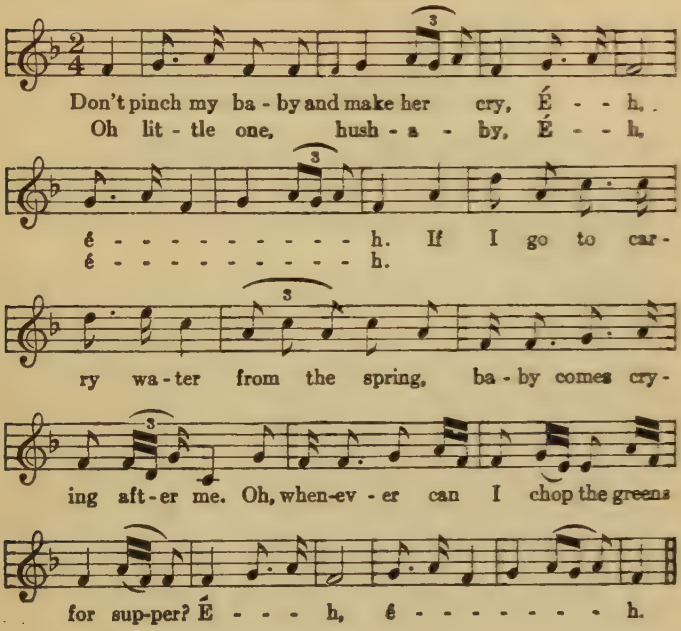
CHUMA: If I weren't as stupid as a hen, I could read them, too.

MUSUNGA: Would you like to go to school? Well, some day you shall.

The teacher of one group says, "This story lends itself to dramatization because there is so much action in it. The little boy who took the part of Musunga was very grown up in the closing scene when he told Chuma about the Bible which lay on his desk. It was beautifully done. 'Little boy, this book is full of the *best* stories you *ever* heard!' His expression would have convinced anyone."

. . .

AFRICAN LULLABY



SESSION IV

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "Tales of Wonder"; Part I, Chuma Gets Angry. (Pp. 12-13, through paragraph ending, ". . . his neglected goats.")

Problem. Chuma's experience is very much the same that all children have, and grown-ups as well; that is, the temptation to drop out of the group if things are displeasing. In this story the aim is to reveal Chuma facing that problem and to note how he solves it.

Pre-session period. Play records of African music (see bibliography). If possible, show an *esanzi,* which the children like to think of as an African piano (see p. 117). Several foreign mission boards have these in their collections of curios and will lend them on request.

Hymn. The Lord Is In His Holy Temple.

Scripture. You know last Sunday we had a story about the work Chuma did, carrying water for Musunga and his men. There is a verse in the Bible that tells about God's work. At the end of the story that tells about God making the world, the Bible says, "God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." [*Genesis* 1:31.] I am sure that Jesus must have worked faithfully when he was a boy. This is a picture of Jesus working [show Hofmann's picture of Jesus at work]. There is a poem that tells about the way he did things in the carpenter shop. Listen while I read part of it to you:

His trade was humble, but he gave to it
Such pride of high endeavor that his skill
Won fame beyond his borders, and men came
From far to buy his plows that never turned
Poor furrows; and still more his perfect yokes;
So smoothly rounded these, so deftly shaped,
That no sleek neck was ever galled[1] by them—
So easy, so well-fitting, that they made
All burdens light; and dumb beasts everywhere
Thanked him who wrought so thoughtfully for them,
And got through twice the work they did before.[2]

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee that God worked to make the world beautiful. We like to think of boys who are willing to work even when they are tired. We are glad that Jesus learned to work well, and that he was careful to make things just right. We are glad Chuma was willing to work hard for Musunga. Help us to do our work well and cheerfully. Amen.

Learning a new song. Would you like to learn a song about working? Listen while I say the lines:

Sing while you're working, work while you sing,
All in time to music. Let your voices ring!
Sing while you're working, don't forget the song;
The day you are singing, work will not seem long.[3]

We have learned a little about the way the Africans talk with music. They also make up songs to sing as they work, and in some way or other each song is suited to the work they are doing. There are other countries in which people sing like this. Perhaps you will think of the Volga Boat

[1] The word "hurt" might be substituted here.
[2] From *Gentlemen—the King!* by John Oxenham (see bibliography).
[3] This and other work songs may be found in *Song and Play for Children* (see bibliography). See also the April 1928 number of *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher.*

Song—do you happen to know it?—which the Russian boatmen sing as they pull their boats along. It seems as if singing helps all of us to do our work quickly and keeps us from getting as tired as we should get otherwise. I suppose Chuma sang while he carried the water, and Assam sang while he tended the goats. Shall I say the poem again, and then we can listen while the piano says it? Now will you listen while I sing it, and after that will you try?

After the children have learned the work song, they may wish to make up one of their own.

Introducing the story. Have you ever got angry at other children? And what did you do? I know of a boy who goes off by himself and pouts. I think that sometimes, perhaps always, he hopes the other children will coax him to come back. Have you ever behaved like that? And did they coax you? [Allow time for the children to speak frankly. Doubtless they can tell of times when the group did call them back. Most children dislike very much having a child go off "mad," and often try hard to make up, if they have made fun of or otherwise provoked one of their friends. Doubtless, though, all of the group will remember times when they got angry, either at another child or an adult, and went off hoping they would be coaxed back, only to find that they and their mood were ignored by the others.] Our story today tells about a time when Chuma got angry. He thought the others couldn't get along without him, and decided he would "just show them." This is the story.

Telling the story.

After the story. Discuss again with the children Chuma's actions, contrasting them with the helpfulness of Abwa.

Prayer. Our Father, we are glad that Chuma saw how silly it is to get angry and pout. We are glad for Abwa,

who was so cheerful and helpful. Wilt thou help us to be helpful and cheerful too. Amen.

Suggested activities.

Play games. If possible, play one of the games that the African children played.

Work on village.

Work on class book. See page 102. Probably there will not be material for the book at every session. When material is brought in, it should be inserted at that session, provided the group feels that it deserves a place.

Work on Picture Map.

Write stories. The stories and incidents given on pages 118-123 were written by members of one group at home. If there is time during the regular session, the children might like to write or dictate similar ones.



SESSION V

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "Tales of Wonder"; Part II, Musunga Brings Good News. (P. 13, paragraph beginning "All day.")

Problem. To help the children to see the way in which Christianity has spread; to help them to realize what their own missionaries are doing.

Pre-session period. If this is a week-day group, some games might be played; in any case the children could work on village or book. Any material brought in should be examined and used if possible.

Hymn. The Lord Is In His Holy Temple; the One Hundredth Psalm set to music (see page 128).

Prayer song. Father, We Thank Thee For The Night.

Prayer. The Lord's Prayer.

Conversation. Evelyn wrote a story last week and she is going to read it to us.

Hymn. God's Children Live In Many Lands.

Introducing the story. Do you remember what it was that Sakutu, the drummer, called out on the drum the day that Chuma got angry because the children called him Long Ears? [Let the children retell that story.] You remember too, I am sure, that Chuma knew what it was all about because he had heard Musunga say to Mupoko, the village

head-man, "Tell all the people, not only of this village but those who live in all the near-by villages, what the coming of the road will mean." And he added, "Will you have the drum call all the people to the palaver house tonight? I want to speak to them." So Mupoko had told Sakutu to call the people to come, and this is the story of what happened at the palaver house that night.

Telling the story.

Suggested activities.

Show stereopticon pictures of activities of missionaries (see page 93, "Using Stereopticon Pictures," and bibliography).

Musunga told the people about the things that would come on the road. Today we have some pictures that show some of the things Musunga promised.

But do not hurry the showing of the pictures. Let the children talk about them freely. If there is curiosity about the machine itself, demonstrate how it works. This will not take long and will make the experience richer.

Work on village or any other project in process.

Dramatizing the story. The children may work out a dramatization somewhat as follows (see page 41).

Scene I.

All the people coming to the palaver house. As they arrive they find there Mupoko and Musunga.

MUPOKO: Musunga, who is a black man like ourselves, is a friend of the white man. He has said many things to me that were wise. I called you together that you may hear him as I did.

MAN: Yes, we heard the call. We heard and we came.

MUSUNGA: The white people have asked me to make a road that is wide and hard and that will take the place of the trails made by the animals in the forests.

MAN: Who will walk on the road?

MUSUNGA: You will, and white men, too, with news.

MUPOKO: What news? Learning?

MUSUNGA: Yes, and news of God.



SESSION VI

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "The Coming of the Road." (P. 17.)

Problem. To show the simple human side of African children, their curiosity and their love of play; to show what the coming of Christianity to Africa means to the people, and how African Christians are trying to help each other.

Pre-session period. Let the early comers look at the pictures. Show patterns given in Insert Sheet and suggest making a wall frieze. Some may want to work on background for the village.

Hymn. The Lord Is In His Holy Temple; One Hundredth Psalm set to music (see page 128.)

Scripture. The Bible has a verse that tells about the people who bring good tidings. I thought of it when I read the story we had last Sunday—the story of the meeting in the palaver house, and of what Musunga told the people there. This is the verse: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that brings good tidings, that publishes peace, that brings good tidings of good." [*Isaiah* 52:7.] That makes me think of the message Musunga brought. You remember too, I know, what it was the angels said to the shepherds the night Jesus was born: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people, for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord." [*Luke* 2:10-11.] It was that message

that the shepherds hurried to tell others, and that Musunga wanted to tell the people of Africa.

Prayer. Our Father, we are glad for the people that carry good tidings; for black people like Musunga, for people like the shepherds who told the glad tidings when Jesus was born, for our missionaries in Africa and in other countries. We are happy that even boys and girls can tell glad tidings of love and peace. Help us to be bearers of glad tidings all this week. Amen.

Hymn. Shall we sing our song that tells about children everywhere, all around the rolling world? [God's Children Live In Many Lands.]

Report of trip to motion picture "Simba." See page 123. This was a special children's performance, when only the one picture was shown.

Introducing the story. Have you ever seen men making a new pavement? It's rather interesting, isn't it? And yet making a city pavement cannot compare in interest with blazing or cutting a trail through forest country. Have you ever been where there was a country road being made? Last summer I went over a road that had just been finished. It was in the great mountain country of our West, where the men had had to build up along mountain paths and cut down trees in order to make room for the new road. The road had been made to enable people to travel across country and see some of the beautiful mountains and forests, some of the old friends and new people that they could not have seen before. Many of you, I suppose, have traveled over roads made through mountains. All of them were difficult roads to make. Probably it took several years. Assam and Chuma thought it took a very long time indeed for the road-makers to get near their village. Our story today tells about the coming of that road in Africa. It also tells what Assam

and Chuma found out about Musunga, and something else that I am sure you will be glad to hear about.

Telling the story.

After the story. Let the children comment. Doubtless to them one of the most amusing things in the whole series of stories will be Chuma's thinking the horn was under the car, and the way Assam fooled him. Speak of what it meant for the man with the broken leg to have a road and a motor so that he could be taken quickly to the hospital.

Suggested activities.

Work on Picture Map. Care needs to be taken that the map is not used as "busy work." The children should stop to talk about the pictures and to relate ideas about them with ideas they are getting through other channels. Stories about the missionary activities should be told (see bibliography).

Work on village. The village should by this time be fairly near completion. There is need to check up from time to time as to accuracy and the best way of doing things.



SESSION VII

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "Assam Walks on the Road." (P. 21.)

Problem. To show the love of the brothers for their sister, and their willingness to do hard things to help to make her well; to show that doing the humdrum little thing counts often for as much as doing a bigger thing; to show the need for medical missionaries.

Pre-session period. Play African games, look at curios, show pictures of hospitals and healing, talk about any material that has been brought in.

Hymn. Father, We Thank Thee For The Night.

Scripture. Do you remember that in our story last time a man got hurt and Musunga sent him to the mission hospital? Musunga was sure the doctor there would know exactly what to do. We have a very short story in the Bible that tells about Jesus healing a sick person. That day he had helped the mother of the wife of Peter, his friend, who was very ill. People in the city heard about what he had done for his friend's mother, and hurried to bring their own friends to him. This is the way Mark, one of the persons who wrote the story of Jesus' life, tells about it: "At even when the sun did set they brought unto him all that were sick. . . . And all the city was gathered together at his door. And he healed many that were sick." [*Mark* 1 : 32-34.]

The man with the broken leg must have been happy when

he left the hospital with his leg all well, don't you think so? I have a picture that shows a doctor in Africa. I wonder what it makes you think of?

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee for Jesus, who helped all people when they needed him. We thank thee for doctors who are healing people and helping them in every way they can. We are glad that there was the mission hospital in Africa where they could take the man who was hurt. Amen.

Telling the story.

Suggested activities.

Work on projects in process.

Begin to plan the closing program. Elicit ideas and advice. Suggest having guests; if there is time, the children might write invitations. Ask the children whom they would like to invite.

Dramatizing the story. There is so much action in this story that it was a favorite for dramatization. In our own group there were some amusing incidents. For instance, Evelyn, the most active child in the group, wanted to be Abwa. She was warned that Abwa was ill and wouldn't have much to do, but she insisted that she wanted to take that part. She retired to her mat on the floor but couldn't stand the inaction, and sat up to direct the others, lying down again only when the others said very firmly, "You're too *sick* to sit up and talk. You'll *have* to lie down again." When we played the story the second time Evelyn was Chuma. She walked along all hunched up, to the bewilderment of the teacher, who fortunately did not reveal this bewilderment. But suddenly the teacher realized that Evelyn was doing a thing quite commonly done by children; she was making herself over as best she

could to fit the part she was taking. The child who was for the moment Assam was smaller than she, and Evelyn was bending almost double the more nearly to represent the little Chuma.



SESSION VIII

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "The Good News Travels"; Part I, Building a School. (Pp. 26-29, through paragraph ending ". . . African roadmaker.")

Problem. To show how eager the African children were for a school, and how they helped to build one.

Pre-session period. Work on any unfinished project. Those who were not present at the previous session might write invitations to the closing session.

Hymn. Father, We Thank Thee For The Night.

Scripture. Who remembers the story we had last week? [Let the children retell the story.] Do you suppose that Abwa's father and mother were surprised when she got well? Why do you suppose the white doctor had gone to Africa? Now I am going to read a story to you from the Bible which tells how Jesus healed a man that was blind. [Read *Luke* 18:35-43.]

Hymn. Tell Me The Stories Of Jesus.

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee that when Jesus was here he went about doing good to all sorts of people, men and women and boys and girls. We are glad that there are people living now who go about doing good. Some of them are Marion's mother with her baby clinic, and Peter's father who cures people, and our ministers who try to help people who are sad or in trouble. We like to think of the people in every country in the world who are going about doing good.

We are glad that there was a doctor in Africa who knew how to help Abwa and who was willing to help her. May we help each other in every way we can. Amen.

At close of prayer, show again the picture of the doctor in Africa.

Hymn. All The Little Children.

Telling the story.

Suggested activities.

Work on village. Make the school and add it to the village.

Work on Picture Map. There are several pictures of schools to be put on the map, and these should be used at this session.

Work on closing session. The group should again be asked for suggestions, and those suggestions put on the blackboard for reference. There will probably not be much order in the suggestions; they should be put down as they are given and arranged later. They should include suggestions for worship, for telling African stories or for dramatizing them, for an exhibit, and, if the session is to be on a week day, for games and refreshments. After all suggestions have been considered, the choice of those most suitable and attractive will be made.

Dramatizing the story (given below as worked out by one group).

Scene I.

Pupils seated on floor trying to make letters. Teacher making letters on board. Chuma gets up to drive away the goat and returns.

CHUMA: Am I so stupid? Who changed my letter?

ASSAM: No one did. (*Chuma walks around to the other side.*)

CHUMA: Well, I am stupid. But how could I know that *h* is *y* upside down?[1]

Scene II.

Teacher stands and receives fees as children come into school. Children take their places quietly and teacher sits down at desk. After a while teacher announces that school is dismissed and children file out.

[1] One child said in comment, "I know exactly how Chuma felt. Before I learned to read I used to think that 'h' was a chair."

SESSION IX

Materials that will help. See under Session I.

Story used. "The Good News Travels"; Part II, The Building of the Church. (P. 29, paragraph beginning, "The school hut.")

Problem. To portray the African children in the act of building their church; to show how happy they were in the church, and the way they participated in the services.

Pre-session period. Look at pictures. Any child that has unfinished work should complete it at this session. If it is a week-day session, play African games.

Hymns. Father, We Thank Thee For The Night; What The Seasons Bring.[1] [Sing the stanza appropriate to the season.]

Scripture. Last Sunday we had a story about the school that Chuma, Assam, and the other African children went to. I wonder whether you have thought that Jesus had to study when he was a little boy? [Show Janssen's "Madonna and Child," and pictures of synagogue schools such as he might have attended.] There is a verse in the Bible that tells about how he worked and grew. This is it: "And Jesus advanced in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and men." [*Luke* 2:52.] Can you tell me what this means? Yes, he grew tall and strong, but he also grew in other ways—"in favor with God and men." And he had to study just as hard to know what his Heavenly Father wanted him to do, and how

[1] *Song and Play for Children* (see bibliography).

he might be helpful to others, as he did to learn his lessons. Indeed I think he had to study harder to learn those things.

Prayer. Our Father, we thank thee for our schools and teachers. Help us to study harder so that we may grow in wisdom. We are glad that some of the African children have schools, and we wish all might have them. We thank thee for churches, and for teachers who help us to know about thee. Help us to serve thee more and more, and to love and serve each other.

Hymn. Can A Little Child Like Me.

Introducing the story. Do you remember what it was we said that Jesus learned, aside from his lessons? Yes, he learned what the Heavenly Father wanted him to do, and he learned how to help other people. After the people who lived where Chuma and Assam lived had built the school, they knew that they had to build something else—a place where fathers and mothers and children could all go to think about the Heavenly Father. What building do you suppose it was? Yes, a church. This is the story about it.

Telling the story.

After the story. Ask the children what Bible stories they think Chuma, Assam, and Abwa would choose when it came their turn to read in the church. Read to them such stories as the birth of Jesus; the visit of the Wise Men; Jesus and the children; the triumphal entry; the Good Samaritan; Jesus healing the sick.

Suggested activities.

Work on Picture Map. Color and paste the pictures of the African church and the Anglican cathedral at Zanzibar. Tell a little of the story of the slave traffic and the man Livingstone who was determined that it should cease.

Don't emphasize for primary children the horrors of slavery. They can appreciate the efforts of Livingstone to help the African people. See *Livingstone the Pathfinder,* which includes the story of his fight with the lion.

Rehearse some of the material for the closing session. It may be that you will find that some of your plans are not practical. Arrange and substitute others for these.

Find out what the children need special help on, and plan to get in touch with them and their mothers during the week.

While the closing session should be based on work that has been done regularly and care should be taken that there is nothing artificial about it, yet the children will want to make the service especially beautiful and worth while. If this is to be accomplished, each child must clearly understand what his part is to be and must be helped to perform it as well as he possibly can.



SESSIONS X-XI

The whole of Session X might well be spent in work on the closing program, which is Session XI.

The leader must keep constantly in mind that an audience is not the most important factor in anything the children prepare; that the real value and the reason for having a demonstration period at all is the effect upon those who take part. But keeping that in mind, she needs to remember also that much of the value for the group is in the feeling that they have done well the thing they were attempting to do. Another point for the leader to keep in mind is, that while she may want to use all of the suggestions of the children, she will have to correlate and unify them if the program is to satisfy the children themselves.

With the thought that it might be valuable at just this point, I have given a chapter out of my own experience in which I have tried to present typical difficulties and experiments. Throughout the preparation for this final demonstration the children were very enthusiastic, but it was necessary for the leader to integrate and organize their suggestions. It appeared to have been almost too completely done, for one of my friends, a teacher, who came to the closing session observed, "Everything went so smoothly—I wish I had come to visit before. I think I should have liked to see it while the process was going on."

There are always two preliminary stages in working anything out with a group of children. There is the first, when teacher and children are enthusiastic and think any-

thing is possible and plan big things. Then there is the second, which came with us on the day we sent our letters inviting the parents and a few other guests, and suddenly realized that things were rather too imperfect and that we were inviting others to share with us something that as yet was not worthy. With the invitation before us we discussed whether, with the time we had, we should really be able to get things into shape so that our friends could enjoy what we wanted to offer. Here was an actual situation, and one which the leader felt needed delicate handling. We had enjoyed our study, and we felt that there were parts of it that we wanted our friends to enjoy. One of the children who had been most active was appalled at the idea of not having a program and proposed, "We could come early on that Sunday and practise." When the leader said, "But do you think, if we don't know now what we are going to do, we can get ready in just a few minutes before the time to begin?" all the children answered rather reluctantly, "No"; and Evelyn said, "Well, I'm tired of Africa, anyway." If the leader hadn't experienced the same feeling herself when things seemed a bit hard, she might have taken this remark to heart. As it was, she went over item by item with the children the program they had decided upon and written on the blackboard. If they all worked hard, could they be ready? They decided that they were sure of their songs, and that they would tell the stories instead of dramatizing them, so that each could be responsible for the particular story he was to get ready.

I think now that I was over-anxious, that the simple dramatizations the group had worked out during the course would have been very effective. Separate assignment of the stories did make preparation easier, as it

eliminated the necessity of close cooperation, but plainly this was a weakness so far as the purpose of the course was concerned. An experience of this kind may serve to warn leaders not to lose sight of their main purpose, however justified a minor aim may be.

When they came the next Sunday the group got down to work immediately. There was the same spontaneity, but there seemed to be with it the feeling that they must do their best to interpret the African children so that their guests might appreciate them as they themselves had learned to do.

We had always sung our songs in unison. That last day our music director suggested that the children sing the African Lullaby as the Africans sing so much of their music, that is, with a solo part and a refrain in chorus. The children were delighted, and at once chose the little girl to sing the solo part.

We talked again about the church that had been built in Assam's and Chuma's village, and about the children who read from the Bible when there was no minister. The leader selected six or seven short familiar stories that we had thought of in connection with the building of the church and read them aloud, asking which they would rather read as examples of stories Chuma, Abwa and Assam would like. The two receiving the most votes were the story of Jesus and the children, and the story of the Good Samaritan. These were both read from the children's Bibles by children who had been selected, and who had read the passages over carefully during the week.

The children wanted an "announcer." She was chosen, and the program was rehearsed so that she might practise. (Naturally, on the day of the service, several emergencies arose. At first the leader told the announcer what to do,

but as the program progressed, the child gained confidence and was able to meet the situation with the coolness and grace of a much more experienced chairman.)

A committee was appointed to help arrange the room, including the exhibit. They came on Saturday and not only arranged the room but made sure they could explain the curios to the visitors. One of the most satisfactory parts of the final service was the time when the children conducted the guests around the room, explaining from the exhibit the life of the African people.

Our program was given in the following form.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT OF THE BLANK AVENUE CHURCH SCHOOL

WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED ABOUT AFRICA

Barbara presiding.

HYMNS. The Lord Is In His Holy Temple; the One Hundredth Psalm set to music. [See page 128.]

AFRICAN GREETINGS. *William and Jane.*

READING. The Message of the Drums. *Mary.*

HYMN. All The Little Children.

STORY. Dr. Mabie's Work in Africa. *Helen.*

PRAYER. *John.*

HYMN. God's Children Live In Many Lands.

STORY TELLING. Based on the stories in *The Call Drum,* by Mary Entwistle.

The Message of the Call Drum. *Marion.*

Chuma Finds White Men's Magic. *William.*
Musunga Sends a Man to the Mission Hospital. *Erwin.*
Abwa's Illness and Its Cure. *Jean.*
The New School and Church. *Evelyn and Joan.*

SONG. African Lullaby. *Jessie and chorus.*

EXHIBIT.



BEGINNING THE COURSE

The way in which a course with children of any age is introduced depends, like the method for any course with adults, upon previous experience. One teacher thus describes her introduction to the course given in this book:

"Just how to get the children to *want* to know more about Africa was my problem. We looked at the picture, 'Hope of the World,' and tried to find out which child we knew the least about. They seemed to know everything (in their opinion) about everyone except the African child. Then we began to talk about Africa. The children looked it up on the globe. Barbara said, 'I guess Emma Mae [our one colored child] knows more about Africa than all of us—she looks as if she ought to.'

"Next we tried to think of the things that came to us from Africa, and the following articles were mentioned as we went around the table, each child having a chance: cocoanuts, bananas, oranges, ostrich feathers, pepper, peanuts, rubber, elephants' tusks (ivory), dates, figs, olives, sugar-cane, cotton, gold, diamonds.

"Next we mentioned African animals, and the children all talked at once about elephants, boa constrictors, lions, leopards, big lizards, gorillas, crocodiles and antelopes. For next week each child is to try to find out something about some African animal to tell to the class."

Another teacher introduced the stories in this way:

"Sunday morning when we hear the church bell ring, what does it say to us?"

"Get up, get dressed and come to Sunday school," said Brian.

"Come to church," answered Buddy.

"Come and thank God," said Jean.

Then the teacher proceeded, "I know a story about two boys who live in Africa. They do not have a church bell, but something else tells them interesting things every day. We saw pictures of it when we came in. It is a call drum. Would you like to hear the story?"

Other teachers will find that interest is aroused by articles relating to daily life in a strange far land (see page 116). If the children are in a community where there are a great many Negroes, they might easily be led to a study of the country from which Negroes came. I was surprised, after we had been studying Africa for several Sundays, to have a child in my own group say with a puzzled expression on her face, "These pictures look like the janitor at our school." I had taken for granted, just why I don't know, that the children realized that the ancestors of the American Negroes came originally from Africa. There is the danger in this type of introduction that local prejudice may be carried over to the people at present living in Africa. But there is the advantage that here one begins with a real problem of the children. If, however, the prejudice is too great, it would be foolish to use contacts as a means of beginning. It is hoped that this course may help children to alter prejudiced attitudes, and that through stories of African Negroes and in a general atmosphere of appreciation and respect, they may come to an understanding of the contribution Negroes can and do make to the life of the world.

Such a motion picture as "Simba" might be used as

the introduction to the course. When you take your group to a motion picture, be sure that the other features are of a nature that you are willing to have them see. It may be, which is the ideal, that a special children's performance can be arranged for, where this will be the only picture shown.

In my own group we were very fortunate in that only a short time before we were ready to begin our study we had as visitor the eight-year-old daughter of African missionaries. The children had been very much interested in what she told them, and were eager to know more about "the boys and girls that live in Africa where Marjorie lives."



USING THE STORIES

The teacher making use of stories must of course know something of the principles of story telling. Several books giving those principles are listed in the bibliography, and most of them may be secured from a public library or from a loan library such as many state or city councils of religious education maintain. But apart from story telling as an educational art, the teacher of religion cannot help her children to an understanding and love for the children of Africa unless she feels these responses in herself. If the stories given in this book are to have a part in bringing such love and understanding, the teacher will have to know and love Assam, Chuma and the other African children.

The stories themselves were changed somewhat in the process of being told by the leaders who used them for experimentation. Naturally the leaders had their own children in mind, and felt that there were certain values desirable to emphasize. In the case of two stories it was decided that they would be productive of double emphasis if divided into two parts. Other teachers may desire a quite different emphasis. The stories are intended to be used in whatever way will help most.

One leader was amused, when she and the children were talking over some of the things Assam and Chuma probably did, and she, in response to questions, had supplied some general information, to hear the children say, "But how do you know so much? Were you ever in Africa?" They were delighted to find that she had been trying to

learn with them, had been asking questions of people who had been in Africa, had been reading books, had been making efforts in every way to get the information so that she could make her contribution to the group.



USING BACKGROUND MATERIAL

Just as the leader will want increased knowledge as she goes along, so will the children. Background material is usually offered in a form directed to the leader. The following paragraphs, which are notes prepared in the main by Miss Entwistle, illustrate how such material may be presented to the children themselves.

Africa a great continent. Africa is a very, very great country, large enough to hold most of the other countries of the world. The United States of America, the whole of Europe, all of China and India, could be tucked within Africa's vast coast-line. In such a big land you would expect to find all kinds of country—forest, mountain, and lowland, desert and well-watered tracts. Africa holds them all: some of the greatest deserts, largest and densest forests, longest rivers, and most widespread highlands of the world are in Africa. In the forests and rivers and roaming the highlands, live many wild animals that can find a home only in Africa. Enormous elephants, tall giraffes, leopards, lions and rhinoceroses abound in the forests and on the highlands; crocodiles and hippopotami with many curious fish are to be found in the broad waters of rivers and lakes.

Africa's people. In the United States there are many different kinds of white people living together and calling themselves Americans. Just so in Africa live many different kinds of dark-skinned people, but all are Africans, though there are Bushmen, Hottentots, Negroes, and others. All these different African peoples divide them-

selves into tribes, and dwell in different parts of the great continent. Our story is about a family of a tribe of the Negro people who live in the heart of Africa near the great river Niger. You can find the river on a map of Africa. It is very hot in that part where the Niger flows, and the people have very dark skin. The dark color prevents the strong sun from burning and hurting them.

Travel ways in Africa. In days not so very long ago the only way to travel in Africa was by walking upon the paths trodden down by the feet of the African people. That was the way Dr. Livingstone journeyed, and Mungo Park, and many a traveler and trader. When the country was opened up by travelers and missionaries, better roads were made by them. Then the railway came to those places where much traffic existed, and to big towns. Motor cars and all kinds of motor transport came later still, so that in many a little village now boys and girls hear the honk, honk of a horn as a motor speeds past on its way to a distant town.

But in many parts of Africa the travel way is along the bush path, and those who would pass along it must walk. Sometimes stalwart black men swing a hammock in which the traveler is carried. It is not a very comfortable way, and the carriers have to rest occasionally, but it is better than walking when the traveler is very tired. On the big rivers steamboats and large canoes carry passengers from one town to another, but that too is an uncomfortable way of travel for people with white skins because there is no shade from the blazing sun.

Storms in Africa. There are two seasons in tropical Africa, the dry season and the wet. The dry is very dry, with hot, strong sunshine. The rainy season is very wet.

Sometimes it rains for days, with little or no intervals of sunshine. Often in the wet season the rain comes in a sudden storm with wind, vivid lightning and dreadful thunder. Perhaps you have heard a story, have you, that tells how the little African children, to keep from getting wet, instead of using umbrellas hold big leaves cut from the banana tree over their heads.

Hospitality in Africa. African people love exchanging presents with anyone who passes through their country. Presents of cooked food are always given to strangers. Baked fish, cassava head, pawpaw, yams, plantains, bananas and sour curds—these would make a feast for an African family; so because they like these things themselves, they love to give them to strangers. And indeed these things are all very good to eat.

African village schools. Sometimes school is held in the little Christian church, but quite often the villagers build a house to use as a schoolroom. Sometimes it is made of wattle and clay, that is, of cane-woven sides lined with clay to keep out the wet. In other parts of Africa the prepared bark of trees is used. Young tree stems are set in the ground to serve as supports. The bark is stretched from pole to pole and made firm with strips of bamboo laid on horizontally and fastened with tyings and sewings of bush rope. This rope is made from the twisted stems of a hanging vine that grows in the bush, as the forest is called in some parts of Africa.

The furniture of the schoolroom is very scanty. Seats are made of logs of wood roughly hewn into shape. There is a table for the teacher, a blackboard, and not very much else. Pictures are greatly liked and treasured.

The teacher is sometimes a white missionary. But often

an African school has African men and women for teachers. There are training schools and colleges in many places, where Africans are being trained to teach in village or bush schools where no white missionary will ever be able to live. There are only a few white missionaries for the great land of Africa, but many, many African men and women are learning how to be missionaries to their own people.

How to help African schools. If you would like to help to give to a little African school some of the things that make your own school days so pleasant, will you ask your leader how you can help? Your own big mission board will let you have a list of things that would be useful. They will also tell you how any parcel you send should be packed and shipped.

I think that a school like Baluka's would love a picture, such as the beautiful one called "The Hope of the World." Another might be one of the first Christmas.

Then you might give colored chalks in boxes, and paper, exercise books, and small notebooks with black lead pencils attached. There could be picture blocks and kindergarten building blocks for the little children, and cottons and needles for the older girls. Let everything be as pretty and as good as possible, and suitable for a hot climate. Needles have to be of good steel and carefully packed or they will rust. Think out what you can send.

How African children work. African boys and girls learn early to be useful, and as soon as they grow old enough each child has his or her own tasks. The girls help their mothers, and little girls of nine or ten tidy the house and sweep. The older girls look after the younger children while the mothers go to the farms. The farms

are the gardens where the family corn, bananas, yams, and other fruits and vegetables are grown. Oftentimes the fathers turn up the ground, but the mothers usually do the planting and hoeing. Boys and girls sometimes help on the farms.

Boys look after the goats and cows and any cattle that may be kept. They are trained to hunt with their fathers in the forest. Sometimes the hunt is for meat, but elephants are hunted for their tusks, and leopards and lions for their skins. Then every boy has to know how to build a house, how to get his own food, how to make a canoe (if he lives near a broad river), and how to find his way on the forest paths. So little boys are taught to shoot with bows and arrows and to set traps. They help to prepare the broad leaves of the palm for thatching, and tread down the mud for house floors. They learn what things in the forest are good for food, and which trees are best for house poles and which for making canoes. Indeed their lives are as full of learning as the lives of any other children. Some of them learn to do things well and some do not. In that they are like other children, don't you think?

How African children play. African children, like all children, are very fond of play, especially of make-believe and let's-pretend games. They play leap-frog, ball games, jumping, and catch-who-catch-can. Hide-and-seek and make-believe hunting are great favorites. There are African games you can try for yourselves (see page 106).

Africa's gifts to the world. Have you ever tried to count up the many things that come to us from Africa?

Perhaps for America the most important of all Africa's exports is rubber. Raw rubber is the solidified gum from

a tree (caoutchouc). This tree grows freely in some parts of Africa, especially in the west and central regions. The bark is pierced and a vessel placed to receive the flowing gum, which hardens and is massed together in a hard lump. This is exported as raw rubber and shipped to America and all over the world. Think of the many ways in which rubber makes life more comfortable for us. It protects us from storms and keeps us dry in the heaviest snowfall. It softens our noisy heels, it keeps us warm on cold nights. Tubes for carrying gas and oil are made from rubber, and all the tires of all the automobiles in the world. From Africa too comes palm oil and cocoanut oil for the world's soap. Africa gives us also the cacao or cocoa bean from which comes the chocolate we like so much. And I suppose all of us think of ivory that comes from the tusks of elephants, and of course we have all heard about the diamond mines.

But besides these things, grown and prepared for us by African men and women, are other and different gifts that only Africa has given. Did you know that the first people to tell the Br'er Rabbit stories were Africans? —only it was a little turtle, not a rabbit, in the African stories—they don't have rabbits in Africa. And today African boys and girls are listening to the very same kind of stories. And then there is African music, and dancing, and happy laughter such as all of us think of when we remember the dark-skinned people we have known whose ancestors came from that wonderful land.



ONE SUNDAY FROM A TEACHER'S DIARY

Our meeting time was, as usual, from quarter of ten to quarter past twelve. Before the time to begin, the children sang around the piano with the musical director. They seemed particularly happy as they sang the old favorites and started to learn some new songs.

In the worship service Marion told about Jesus in the temple, William said the Golden Rule, and we sang it as it is given in *Song and Play for Children.*

A friendly visitor came with a call drum she was able to borrow from her mission board. Carleton recognized it as she came in and wanted to tell the others at once; he came to me and asked if he might, but when I asked him to wait he did so, although his eyes fairly danced and one could see he was nearly bursting to tell. Of all the children he had been the most interested and fascinated by the idea of the call drum, so I was not surprised at his eagerness to tell the others that we really had one in the room. When the worship service was over I asked Carleton to tell the others his secret. After he had done so our guest was introduced to the children, showed the call drum, and allowed them to try to beat out a message.

All were helpful and good about waiting for each one to have a chance. We had been warned that we should have to be very careful with the drum. So I said, "We must be careful not to spoil the drum," and Bill said, "Do you know what I would do if I broke it? I would get another—" to which one of the children replied, "But you couldn't! That came way from Africa." I added, "Yes, that's true, isn't it? It is fine to want to pay for

anything you break, but if the thing is hard to replace, it makes a difference, doesn't it? There are some things you can't buy, even though you may have the money."

We called out different messages, and we talked about what we could do if we had such a drum and knew how to use it.

Evelyn said, "If we used a call drum we would have to paint our faces black all over, so that we would look like the people who use them." She was surprised and thoughtful when I replied, "Oh, but the Africans use many of our things and don't paint their faces white. And I am wearing this pendant that was made by the Chinese and is like those they wear, but I don't paint my face the Chinese color. It isn't necessary to pretend to have the same color skin in order to enjoy the same things."

Our visitor showed the carrier's drum. The children were deeply interested in the ability of the African leader of his men to send messages back to members of the party. We thought some of the messages might be: "No. 7, we shall stop at next village. You get water."—"Cook, we want plantains and bananas for dinner."—"We see elephant's tracks. Be careful."—"We must go much faster; there will be a storm soon."

After the session Carl's father, who is a musician, came and we showed him the drum. He spoke of the skill it required to make the two tones, and the children were much interested. Carl read his report of his visit to the museum. After he had read it I asked, "Was there anything in Carl's account that you think wasn't quite correct?" An answer came from William: "The ivory is destroyed when a king dies." I said, "Yes, that's what I thought the description said."

Our director of religious education, who had been at Carl's home when he was telling about his trip, then said, "Carl's father made that mistake. Carl said the ivory was destroyed, and his father said, 'He doesn't mean that. The ivory is put in the tomb with the king.' So Carl wrote it that way."

"It's a good thing to have editors, Carl, isn't it?" I said.

Quickly Carl arose, saying, "Let me have the paper; I will change it right away," and made the change.

After the story for the day had been told, the children began working on handwork. Carl and Evelyn did background. The others finished the village. The crayons were spilled and Evelyn came to me saying, "We both spilled the crayons and Carleton won't help pick them up."

I said, "Oh, I think he will. You must have misunderstood," going over to the table. "Where is Carl, Evelyn?"

"He went out," Evelyn said.

"Well," I advised her, "suppose you pick up half, and when he comes back I am sure he will pick up the other half."

Evelyn went to work willingly and quickly. Presently, when Carleton came in, I said, "Carl, Evelyn has picked up her share of the crayons. Don't you want to pick up yours?"

"I didn't upset them," remarked Carl.

"You both used the crayons, and spilling them was an accident. Neither of you seems to know how it happened. Don't you think it's only fair that you should pick up part of them anyway?" Carleton quickly and willingly finished picking up the crayons.

In thinking over the teaching opportunities for that day, I have felt that the greatest ones were the unexpected,

unplanned situations that arose. There was, first, Carl's desire to break into the worship service with the news that we had a real call drum. It was worth while for him to exert his self-control to the extent he did. There was, second, Bill's remark that he would buy another call drum if he broke this one. Bill is a youngster who has almost everything money will buy. Many of the other children come from the same kind of homes. Even if this were not the case, it is almost inevitable that children eight years old, who live in a great city, may get an exaggerated idea of the importance of money. It had been wholesome for them to reflect that even money wouldn't prevent a good deal of inconvenience if the drum were broken.

There was, third, the problem of care for another person's things. Doubtless all of us have been amazed at the way people who are very careful about their own things treat those belonging to others. When we had first asked for the drum, the custodian had said, "Yes, I know everyone promises to take care of the things, but look at this dance drum. We lent it to one woman who promised she would see that it was taken care of, and you can see for yourself that it is absolutely ruined."

Fourth, Evelyn's suggestion that we paint our faces black had given an opportunity to suggest something of the normal interchange among different groups. Perhaps that idea should have been developed further.

Finally, Evelyn and Carl with the upset crayons had furnished a typical situation in the life of adults as well as children. Neither had purposely or even consciously done the damage, but the fact remained that the crayons were on the floor and that someone had to pick them up.



USING STEREOPTICON PICTURES

It is almost impossible without the use of pictures to give children a correct idea of anything that is unknown. Small pictures are valuable, pictures that the children can pick up and look at, pictures that they can put into their class book. There is need also for those which can more adequately set forth the activities and customs of a strange group. The motion picture is of the greatest value, but not many churches are equipped with motion picture machines, and if they were, the experience of anyone wishing to use them would be similar to that of the writer of this course: there are no appropriate films on Africa available. The group did go to see "Simba" (see page 123 for one child's report), but the teaching value there was of a different, non-missionary order.

With the stereopticon the value inherent in motion itself is of course lacking. However, stereopticon pictures do have a value that merely handleable pictures do not. As a matter of fact, the children always referred to our pictures as moving pictures, and when I explained that they were not that kind, they replied, "Yes, we know. We meant *this* kind."

I can imagine children looking at pictures in a passive way and not benefiting particularly. To see that attention is active is the business of their teacher. Do you remember Dr. Kilpatrick's definition of the "consumer's project" as one in which the person purposely and actively enjoys or appreciates? (Pages 347-48 of *Foundations of Method;* see bibliography.)

My own group had stereopticon pictures three times

during the course. The first time was near the beginning. Naturally almost every picture had to be explained, but the children were encouraged to make comments and to tell whatever they had already learned elsewhere. The next time the same pictures were used. The children described the action pictured and commented freely. The third time, after a week's study, a new set was shown in which were repeated many activities seen in the first set. This time teacher and children talked together, and the children were able to describe many of the new pictures on the basis of what they had learned.

Great care needs to be taken in the selection of all pictures, and particularly of pictures of Africa. Africa could so easily be made a horrible place to children if the emphasis were placed on witch doctors, cannibals, mutilations—mutilations either by themselves, in order to make themselves more beautiful, or by exploiters. Instead, there are available pictures of beautiful, happy children, and of mothers and fathers going about their daily work of preparing the grain and greens for cooking, working in the garden, weaving, making cotton thread, etc. There are pictures of missionary activities—our children were thrilled to see the doctor whom our church supports in the process of holding a baby clinic. There is the country itself with its astonishing animals, forests, and plains. A good test for pictures as well as for story material might be, "Does this help the children to *respect* the group shown?" Fortunately at least two of the boards of foreign missions have special stereopticon lectures for children (see bibliography). For these lectures the pictures have been carefully selected, and the teacher is safe in borrowing them.

USING EXCURSIONS OR TRIPS

The importance of excursions or trips to places of interest in connection with study can scarcely be exaggerated. At a recent conference of day-school teachers representing the more progressive schools, there was no account of the carrying out of any project which did not feature, as an integral part of the working project, the taking of the children to some place where they could see some of the interesting things connected with the story. For instance, one group had been studying how various textiles are made, and successive visits were made to silk mills; to exhibits showing pictures of cotton-growing, spinning and weaving, and to a place showing how the old block printing was done. Another group had been studying about the bread supply of their city. These were taken to a flour mill, where they saw the different stages of the milling process from the whole wheat grains to the white flour, and were then taken to a bakery, where they saw the stages in breadmaking. In each case there was the purpose to let the children, from the first grade on, gain a first-hand knowledge of the thing they were learning about.

So when we study Africa we want to give children as great an opportunity as we can to get first-hand information. A museum is a poor substitute for an actual village, but it is a valuable reinforcement of words and pictures. One needs to remember, however, that much of the material on Africa in a museum is not profitable to show children. The teacher will have to know what she wants

them to see. This means that she should make a preliminary visit.

Two of the groups were taken on a trip to the African room at the Museum of Natural History, New York City. In the case of the first group it was Brian's suggestion that we go to the museum. As he put it, "Let's each take some money and go to the museum as the Rangers did." The Rangers is an organization of older boys of which Brian's brother is a member.

The leader was a bit staggered at the idea. It meant boarding a bus, crossing the ferry, taking street cars, and, worst of all, crossing city streets with a group of children. Enthusiasm, however, was so high that she didn't want to refuse, and she gave her assent. Then they began to plan.

The children decided that they would each need a dollar, to cover fares and buy luncheon. For a primary child it is a great adventure to be put enough on his own responsibility to be allowed to pay his own bus and ferry fare. To the delight of the children, the leader made the provision that each should handle his own money to pay not only his own fares but his own luncheon check.

The ferry trip was exciting. The river was full of ice. They saw a gull on a cake of ice and someone called out, "Look, there's a gull on his own ferry boat! Let's *us* come back on a cake of ice!"

The children talked about what they would look for in the museum. They were unanimous that the first thing they wanted to see was a call drum, and were much disappointed when they did not see one for some time. Finally, just as they were going out of the main African room, someone made the discovery that the funny-looking wooden animal at the entrance of that room was in

reality a call drum. The attendant was cordial and allowed the children to try to beat out calls.

When they left that room, two of the boys hurried ahead. Soon they were back with the word that they had discovered a surprise, and led the rest of the group triumphantly to a pigmy village. Looking at it they found they had made the water supply all wrong in their village, and then discussed how they could represent the spring correctly. Aside from that one mistake, they decided that their own village was very good.

In the case of the second group, the leader wrote several of the children asking them to lunch with her and to go to the museum afterward. They were all delighted. On Sunday when Carl came in he and I walked over to the village the children were making and remarked, "We'll get a lot of suggestions for our village this afternoon."

We went first to see bark cloth. The children were rather indifferent about it at first, but went back afterward and seemed appreciative of the ability of the African people to make such soft materials from the bark of trees. They were interested in the stuffed animals, particularly zebras, and the iron models of rhinoceroses. We saw all sorts of drums, and discovered for ourselves that the big wooden thing looking like a model of an animal was a call drum, and we tapped it a little to hear it sound. As we went through the exhibit again we were interested to find drums of every size, some so small that they look like bowls or cups, and evidently designed for many different purposes.

We were also interested in the ivory, and recalled that it is comparable, for an African chief, to the crown jewels of monarchs of so-called civilized countries; that the

carver of ivories is under royal protection and a very important person.

Pictures of village life on the windows were found attractive. We got some idea of the jungle, of the beauty of the forests, and of the life of the people. As we looked at the picture of one village, situated at the edge of a dense forest in which there were animals, I told the story of Livingstone and the lion. In telling the story I avoided gruesome details and tried to emphasize that the people were afraid because they thought their enemies had bewitched them and made them powerless against the lion. Livingstone was trying even more to show them that no one had such power, than to save their flocks by killing the lion. Because of the suggestive atmosphere of the Museum, the group enjoyed the story especially.

They displayed interest in fishing baskets. We wondered why the fish didn't swim out, but presently we came to a window picture of men in a canoe setting their baskets near a rapids. The canoe was down below a falls, and the fishing baskets were placed under the falls. Carl said, "Oh, I know! They fish where the fish can't swim back"; and William remarked, "I should think the canoe would turn upside down."

As the children were leaving, Bill shook the teacher's hand extremely cordially and said, "Well, good-by. I have had the best time I ever had—here."

The leader has tried to evaluate excursions such as those just described, and has come to several conclusions.

Obviously the children who were members of the two groups described got very much more than a knowledge of African customs. The attendant learnings were more important than the primary learning. Some of them that are perfectly apparent are:

(1) The children had a good time, with the leader and with each other. That is, the emotional reaction about Africa and its study was pleasant, or at least this one experience connected with it was. Bill's tribute to the success of the day was certainly important for him, and for the others if he expressed their feeling as well.

(2) What teaching was done, was done in direct response to questions raised by the children in the excitement of the moment. Often we teachers say to ourselves, "If we could only have the advantage of being with our children at the moments when their interest is actively aroused and they are really eager to know!" That came true in these instances. The teacher was plied with questions, the attendant was interviewed, the children eagerly read descriptions and asked for explanations. They had a mind-set, and teaching was easy and effective.

(3) Quite apart from the immediate study was the value of this visitors' experience in a public building—the care of the things, the provision for everyone with the necessity for everyone to be considerate of others.

(4) In the case of the one group, there was the immediate tying up of their experience with that of Chuma. One of the children had lost a glove. They visited the lost-and-found department but no one had turned it in. The finder had either kept it—not likely in the case of one glove—or hadn't cared enough to take it where the owner could find it. The children, with this in mind, decided it would be a good thing if mothers everywhere said: "It is of your finding, but is it of your keeping?"



MAKING AN AFRICAN VILLAGE

After hearing the first story about Assam and Chuma, the children wanted to make their own village. They talked about what they would need, and decided they would need straw for huts, something for the trees of the jungle, and something to represent a spring. Brian volunteered to bring some excelsior for the huts, and was certain he could get some dried flower branches, asters, daisies, etc., to use in making the trees.

The children were sure at first that they could best make the village in sand. After the third session they decided that they could do better by making it on a table, using plain wrapping paper for the surface and plasticine for holding the objects that wouldn't stand alone.

They found too, through experiment, that the excelsior was too stiff to make the huts of; and they had learned that it wouldn't represent what the huts were like anyway, and decided to use brown wrapping paper, with brown crêpe paper fringed for the roofs. They made the ordinary huts out of plain strips of paper three and one-half inches by ten and one-half inches, with a round hole cut for the entrance and flaps at the top to paste on to the roof. The roof was made by cutting a round piece five inches in diameter, cutting a third of the way up on each side, and folding over, holding in position with a small paper clip. The fringed paper, to represent the palm-leaf mats, was then pasted in place. The palaver house was made in the same way, only a little larger, and the separate houses, for boys like Assam and Chuma, were made a little smaller.

Some of Robert's straw was used later in the garden, small bunches of it being tied together to represent shocks of corn.

The trees were made by pasting leaves, made of leaf-green crêpe paper, on dried flower branches, and winding the branches with tan crêpe. They were very effective.

The children crayoned a river on the paper ground, and made a canoe of plasticine. Animals also were made of plasticine and put in the jungle, all except the crocodile, which was put into the river. Pots and *ocenis,* the vessels in which vegetables are pounded, were made of plasticine and placed outside the huts.

This village grew as the stories suggested additions. The last buildings to be added were the school and church. The school was made like the houses, except that it was larger and had many windows. The church was quite different. They decided to make it oblong rather than round but to have the same kind of thatched roof. This decision may have been influenced by the picture of the church in the African Picture Sheet.

It was interesting to watch this village grow in the light of added knowledge, and to see the way in which the children criticized their own work as they looked at pictures and studied objects.

MAKING A CLASS BOOK

Two of the groups using this material made class books. In one of the groups it was a child's suggestion. Said he, "Can't we have a book that we can put all the important things we do in?" Of course the teacher hastened to say yes.

This particular book begins with a picture of banana leaves and bananas, products of Africa, which the children felt should have the place of honor. The next picture is of an American church with children entering it—rather an unusual picture, with a great deal of action. Opposite is printed the caption, "We would like to have Chuma and Assam learn to read and write."

The next page has two pictures, one of a child carrying a laundry basket, the other of a boy practising on the piano. There is written the Bible verse, "Even a child maketh himself known by his doing."

The next picture is a modern one of the Madonna and Child, and opposite it the children have printed, "We decide to send a picture story to Africa, to a missionary school. The pictures are of Jesus."

The next page has a prayer that one of the children wrote and which they made their class prayer: "Dear God in heaven, please help Assam and Chuma to learn about you; keep them happy and let them grow up to be fine men like Musunga. Amen."

The next two pages are devoted to an original drawing of a truck with a great log on it—the motor truck that carried the man with the broken leg to a hospital.

On the next Robert had written his own story (as given here on page 120), and had followed it with a two-page illustration, really rather a remarkable drawing for an eight-year-old child.

The story given on page 121 and the game described on page 120 complete the book.

In the case of the second book the suggestion was the teacher's. It was agreed that the whole group should decide upon the material that was put into the book. The children's writing and spelling were delightful—but then all children write and spell in about the same way.

For the cover there is a lovely picture of an African baby holding out his hand to you. Cut out of gilt paper and pasted across the top are letters spelling Africa, and under the picture, which is framed in vivid red and purple, are printed the words, "A Book of Africa."

The first picture was taken from a steamship folder, I am sure. It is a map showing steamship lines to Africa, and in the center of, and indeed almost filling, the Atlantic Ocean is a picture of a steamship.

Next comes a series of pictures of the Madonna and Child, featuring an African background and African children. (See bibliography for a list of these pictures.) This is the heading: "The African people do not know much about this baby."

Follows a series of pictures of animal life of Africa, gleaned from the picture section of the Sunday paper. Some descriptions are:

"This Elephant is Dodgeing after a man who is trying to take a picture. The Elephant allways dodge's after people when he gets mad."

"Sumbody gave this monkey a mirror hes trying to find the other monkey. Hear is a monkey that is hurt."

"This is a Gorilla."—"These are to baby zebras."

Then come pictures of people, houses, and various activities, with this inclusive description in multi-colored printed letters:

"The African House Is Made of Leaves and Mud. The African Zone is the Torrid Zone. It is a very Hot Zone. They Eat Cocoanut. The African Mother Carrys the Baby on Her Back. The grass is very High."

The book ends with the printing by hand, in crayons of many colors, of the story of Chuma returning the lost piece of paper. Thus did they pay tribute to their favorite among the stories they had been told.

A point to note about both of these books, in addition to the fact that they reveal the group alert and interested, is that they are really the work of children. The teacher's personality does not obtrude.

AN AFRICAN PARTY—GAMES AND FOLKLORE

For primary children the very word "party" has a sort of magic. "I am going to a party next Saturday," or "I had a party yesterday," is flung forth with radiant face. Now the teacher wants to be associated in the children's minds with such gala occasions for several reasons. In the first place, they provide opportunity to make real friendships with the children, an objective not always easy to attain in the short and more or less formal session of the church school. We all let down the bars when we play. It is much easier for children to work with a person after having played with him. Then, too, in play children more truly show their real selves than at almost any other time; that is to say, they are neither better nor worse than usual, as is too often true on Sunday, when they come in unaccustomed clothes to an unaccustomed building, often to talk about a God who is consciously brought to their attention as at no other time.

Besides these advantages to be gained through participating in and providing play for children, there is an additional advantage for the teacher who has in mind the formation of desirable attitudes toward people of another race. Perhaps there is no better way to help children see how much alike all peoples are than to give them an opportunity to discover that they all enjoy much the same things. When they have played the same games that children of other nations play, and have found pleasure in doing so, a long step has been taken toward an attitude of respect and friendship. African games might very

well be a regular feature of the program when classes are held during the week, but of course where the Sunday session alone is provided, there is need for finding another way in which natural, friendly relations between pupils and teachers can develop and grow.

Special care needs to be taken in planning an African party, and the teacher needs to keep in mind here, as during other parts of the course, the aim that the children shall develop a genuine respect for African children, and to restrict her program to items which further this aim.

Just as children enjoy working out their own plans for any activity, so a party has added value if the children themselves plan it. Ask different groups to take definite responsibilities; for instance, one group to have charge of the decorations of the room, and another of the games—they will have to practise the games if they are not now familiar with them, in order to be able to teach the other children. Another group may plan and serve refreshments (anything made of peanuts or bananas or cocoanut will suggest Africa). In this way the party becomes a children's party in reality.

As the children come into the room, its decorations should suggest Africa. Pictures, objects, steamship folders distributed about, will help to give the right atmosphere.

Games.—Several African games are popular with children. Two such favorites[1] are:

(1) Hen and Wildcat, played as follows:

From among the players one is chosen to be the hen and another the wildcat. The hen, clucking, leads her brood—

[1] From *In the African Bush,* by Jewel H. Schwab. Used by permission.

the rest of the children. The cat from ambush springs out upon them, and may catch any chick who does not drop at the mother's warning.

(2) The Goat and the Leopard, played as follows:

The game begins with the clapping of hands after the arranging of the participants. The child chosen to play the part of the leopard stands in front of the child who plays the part of the goat; the rest of the children stand in line behind the goat. The leopard tries to snatch the children of the goat, who with outstretched arms watches the leopard's every move, swaying from side to side, thus trying to prevent the children getting caught. The children clap their hands to the rhythm. The goat says, "Ésilé éé," clapping her hands. The children respond, "Poor children." The goat stretches her arms to the side protectingly and sings, "Are you my very own children?" The children respond, "Poor children." The goat says, "Leopard will kill all my children." The children sing, "Poor children." The game is ended when the leopard succeeds in catching all the little goats.

Other games may be found in *Children at Play in Many Lands* and *African Play Hour* (see bibliography).

The party also gives an opportunity to introduce folklore. Three folk tales are given on pages 108-13, and an old favorite, "How Brother Rabbit Fooled the Whale and the Elephant," will be found in *Stories to Tell Children,* by Sara Cone Bryant, available at almost any public library.

Note on Folklore.—In our stories about people of other lands we may misrepresent them; in their folk tales they speak for themselves. Africa provides a rich store of folk tales. Some of their stories have already become a part of our literature. Joel Chandler Harris acknowledges himself debtor for the Br'er Rabbit stories to the Negroes with whom he came in contact as a child. They

in turn were passing on part of their racial heritage that had come with their forefathers from Africa.

African folk tales, like all others, need to be examined carefully for a difference in ethical standards both of race and of time. In some African tales, as in those from many other countries, the weaker creatures accomplish their ends through means which we must regard as unethical. These stories reflect an age and civilization when the only resource for the weaker person against the person with power was deceit and trickery. The three examples of folklore given here seem to the writer to be free from the objections mentioned.

THE THREE BROTHERS[1]

A certain man who had three sons fell sick and died. After his death each of his sons had a dream in which the father appeared and said, "Go up to yonder hilltop and stand beneath the highest tree. There you will receive my gift to you. When you have received it, do not open the bundle, but first take it home with you. Shut and bar the doors and then see what you shall see."

The next day the eldest son started out to obey his father's command. Up, up, up the hill he climbed till he came to the very tiptop. There he saw the tall, tall tree. He rested beneath its leafy boughs and thought, "How cooling is this shade!"

All of a sudden—crash! bang!—down from the branches fell a huge round bundle. It just missed his head and fell at his feet.

"Aha!" cried the eldest son. "Here is my father's gift to me. Now to go home and see what it is." And he grunted as he lifted the heavy burden to his head.

[1] Translated from the African by Lois Johnson McNeill.

Down, down, down the hill he trudged. Hotter and hotter grew the sun. Heavier and heavier grew the load.

"Whew!" whistled the eldest son as he stopped to rest by a rippling stream. "Whatever can be in this load to make it so heavy? I think I'll just take a peek and see."

So he tore a wee hole in the side of the bundle and started to peek when—"Squawk squawk! quack quack! bow wow! baa baa!"—out flew the ducks and chickens, and out jumped the dogs and goats. With a great flapping of wings and wagging of tails they ran pell-mell in every direction, upsetting the angry and very much surprised eldest son in their haste to escape. Before he could recover from his amazement they were all out of sight.

"Now wasn't I a silly fool!" sputtered the eldest son. "Just look at all the wealth I've lost by my folly! Now my brothers will be rich and will scorn me for my poverty." Dejectedly he sat down with his head between his hands. Suddenly he lifted his head.

"No, they shan't," he cried. "I'll fool them." And he waited eagerly for them to come by.

Shortly after the eldest son had left the house, the second son set out to obey his father's command. Up, up, up the hill he toiled till he reached the very tiptop. There he saw the tall, tall tree. He rested beneath its leafy boughs and thought, "How cooling is this shade!"

All of a sudden—crash! bang!—down from the branches fell a huge round bundle. It just missed his head and fell at his feet.

"Aha!" cried the second son. "Here is my father's gift to me. Now to go home and see what it is." And he grunted as he lifted the heavy burden to his head.

Down, down, down the hill he trudged. Hotter and hotter grew the sun. Heavier and heavier grew the load.

"Whew!" whistled the second son as he mopped the sweat from his brow. "Whatever can be in this load to make it so heavy?"

And just then he spied his brother sitting by the rippling stream.

"Hello!" he cried, "what are you doing here and where is your bundle? Didn't you get one like this?"

"Yes indeed, I got one just like that, and it's a great fool you are to be carrying it all this way. You're carrying a load of rock on your head, and that's all."

"Rock!" exclaimed the second son. "Well, I *thought* it was awfully heavy. Now wasn't that a silly dream we had?" And in disgust he threw down his load and kicked a hole in its side. "Squawk squawk! quack quack! bow wow! baa baa!"—out flew the chickens and ducks and out jumped the dogs and goats. With a great flapping of wings and wagging of tails they ran pell-mell in every direction, upsetting the angry and very much surprised second son in their haste to escape. Before he could recover from his amazement they were all out of sight.

Angrily the second son turned on his brother.

"What kind of trick is this you have played on me?" he cried. "Just look at all the wealth I have lost because of your deceit!" And he struck at his brother and would have fought him, but his brother said, "Listen! Your wealth is lost and so is mine. Now we must watch for our youngest brother and trick him into losing his also, else he will be a rich man and will scorn us for our poverty."

The second son stopped fighting. "That is so," he said. "We must lie in wait for him." So together they waited by the rippling stream.

Shortly after the second son had left the house, the third son set out to obey his father's command. Up, up, up the hill he toiled till he reached the very tiptop. There he saw the tall, tall tree. He rested beneath its leafy boughs and thought, "How cooling is this shade!"

All of a sudden—crash! bang!—down from the branches fell a huge round bundle. It just missed his head and fell at his feet.

"Aha!" cried the youngest son. "Here is my father's gift to me. Now to go home and see what it is." And he grunted as he lifted the heavy burden to his head.

Down, down, down the hill he trudged. Hotter and hotter grew the sun. Heavier and heavier grew the load.

"Whew!" whistled the youngest son as he mopped the sweat from his brow. "Whatever can be in this load to make it so heavy?"

And just then he spied his two brothers sitting by the rippling stream.

"Hello!" he cried, "what are you doing here, and where are your bundles? Didn't you get any like this?"

"Yes indeed, we each got one just like that," they answered, "and it's a great fool you are to be carrying it all this way. You're carrying a load of rock on your head, and that's all."

"But how do you know?" asked the youngest son. "The dream told us not to peek until we were inside the house and had shut and barred the doors."

"Yes; and when you have barred the doors you will open up your bundle and find a load of rock, and what good will that do you? Take our advice and carry it no farther."

But the youngest son would not listen. "I am going home," he said; and they could not dissuade him.

On and on he trudged. Hot grew the sun and heavy the load, but he lingered not till he had reached his own house. In he went and shut and barred the doors. Then he laid his bundle on the floor and opened it. "Squawk squawk! quack quack! bow wow! baa baa!"—out flew the ducks and chickens and out jumped the dogs and goats. With a great flapping of wings and wagging of tails they ran pell-mell in every direction, upsetting the surprised and delighted youngest son in their haste to escape. But escape they could not, and the house was filled with them in every corner. There was wealth enough to make a rich man of the youngest son.

"Now isn't it a good thing I obeyed my father's command?" he cried; and out he ran to tell his neighbors of his good fortune.

HOW BAT THREW ELEPHANT IN WRESTLING[1]

It happened that Elephant and all the beasts of the forest held a great wrestling match. Elephant threw them all, his strength being surpassingly great. At last Bat, who had come late, said, "Now Elephant and I will wrestle." To this all the other beasts replied, "You! And can you wrestle with Elephant? Does he not surpass us all in size?" Bat replied, "I'll try it."

Elephant then came out on to the path, where Bat challenged him. Elephant said, "You are surpassingly small for me to wrestle with." Bat said, "Come on, I'll wrestle with you." Then they grappled. Bat flew into Elephant's ear, where he violently beat and flapped his wings. Elephant heard a great rattling and commotion in his ear. He also felt much pain there. Then great fear came into his heart. He fell to the ground with the pain of it all and rubbed his ear on the hard earth. Upon this, all the other animals said, "You have fallen, you lose!"

So it was that Bat surpassed all the other beasts in strength because he alone could throw Elephant.

THE TORTOISE AND THE MONKEY[2]

Once upon a time, when the world was very young, Tortoise and Monkey were great friends. They roamed through the forest together and warned each other of any dangers or the near approach of foes. The one great drawback to their friendship was that Monkey loved nothing better than to

[1] From *In the African Bush,* by Jewel H. Schwab. Used by permission.

[2] Adapted from Baird's *Children of Africa.* Oliphant, Anderson & Co., London.

play tricks upon Tortoise, and although Tortoise was very patient, sometimes he felt much annoyed.

One day Monkey said, "My friend, come and visit me in my home."

Tortoise made the visit, and everything went well until Monkey started his old tricks again. When the food was ready to be eaten, Monkey placed it on a high shelf in his hut. Then calling, "Come along, friend," he climbed upon the shelf and began to eat. Tortoise stood on his hind legs and stretched and stretched his neck, but however much he strived he could not reach the shelf. Then he became angry.

"Friend Monkey," he called, "you have been very rude to me," and off he went to his own home.

After three days his anger cooled and he sent a messenger to Monkey. "Come and dine at my house."

When Monkey came he found the food cooked and ready, but Tortoise reminded him that he must first wash.

"There is no water in the house, so please to go to the stream to wash your hands."

Down to the stream through a track of burned grass went Monkey and washed. On coming back he had to pass along the burned track once again. When he arrived at Tortoise's house he saw that his hands were blacker than before. The burned grass had soiled them. Then he knew why Tortoise had sent him.

"My friend has played this trick on *me,*" he said, and he knew that there was no dinner that day for him.

After that Monkey played no more tricks, and he and Tortoise kept their friendship.

ASSEMBLING THE EXHIBIT

Before planning for an exhibit or demonstration it is wise to make out a list of objectives. Just what purpose will the exhibit serve, or rather, what purposes would you like it to serve? Your answer will largely determine the material you select for it, and the nature of the work the children should be asked to do.

The objectives we held in mind for our own exhibit were:

(1) Stimulating the interest of the children. We were eager that the children should carry over into the week their interest in Africa. They were therefore encouraged to look for pictures and articles which should form a part of our exhibit. If the exhibit was to be a success, it was necessary for all the children to be able to describe articles and pictures. Many times children would go to the exhibit, pick up an article and come to the teacher, saying, "If anyone should ask me what this is, what would I say?" While this may sound somewhat artificial, you may be assured that it was not, and it was gratifying to see the children growing in a feeling of respect as they began to understand more of the life of the African people.

(2) Appreciation of one another and of the group studied. As I write this, I see a group gathered about an African call drum we were able to borrow for one session. I see again the look that expressed respect and admiration as we discovered the way differences in tone were made, and the skill required thus to talk by means

of sounds and rhythms. I see Bill, who hadn't been particularly responsive, playing on the African piano, showing the others how it was played, trying himself to make tunes, and pointing out the octave on our piano to which the *esanzi* was comparable. During the time that we had that piano, where Bill was there was the piano also. I see the group's observation of and appreciation for one another growing; for Carleton, who knew exactly how to make things out of plasticine; for William, who was so particular about the cutting and who wouldn't allow poor work; for Evelyn, who seemed to know just how to draw a background that would put the finishing touch to the village. This growing appreciation of the group seemed to me quite as valuable as the appreciation of children of other races.

An immediate objective must always be the desirability of the children learning to work together. All of us talk about this need among adults, and yet as teachers of religion we seldom plan to give children sufficient practice in this Christian art. We try to teach by precept only. No wonder we so often fail. This helping children to work together isn't easy, but it is worth attempting. Moreover, working at a definite undertaking which must be completed within a definite time provides a situation favorable to the experiment. We have an opportunity to help children see what happens if, for example, when working with others they fail to do things promptly. For instance, Joan, aged six, had been asked by the group to do a certain thing, and the Sunday before the closing service it was still undone. Said Joan, "I'll do it next Sunday." Quickly one of the boys ended it: "Next Sunday will be too late. We'll get along without it." Joan protested but there was nothing she could do, and it was

obvious to her that several changes had to be made and a good many people inconvenienced because she had failed to do her part.

Primary children may secure material for the exhibit, but after all, the chief contributions will have to be made by the leader. Almost all of the mission boards have some collections on which the leader can draw. The difficulty is that borrowed objects may be kept for such a short time that the value is greatly diminished. Sometimes a few may be kept for two or three weeks, in which case they should be used for the weeks preceding the closing demonstration; or they would make an interesting feature of an African party if you could use them on that afternoon and the following Sunday.

I was reminded that a good deal of care has to be exercised in the choice of material to show to children when a teacher said to me as she was visiting our department and found in the room some of the curios borrowed from one of the mission boards, "Oh, I am glad you still believe in using curios!" Rather puzzled I replied, "Believe in using them? I don't quite understand." "Well," she said, "so many people don't, now, you know." Quickly I ran over in my mind the collections I had seen when I had gone to find things to show the children. There were fetishes without number. There was an iron necklace that had had to be sawed off when the person who had worn it became a Christian (the person in charge had said, "This is an awfully good story to tell when you show it"). There were idols and nose-rings and spears, and "a knife that they use for everything, from peeling potatoes to killing you." These were just a few of the things I did not believe in showing children. But there was also one of the parts of an *esanzi,* which is made of separate instru-

ments designed for each octave, calling each for a separate player. There was the carrier's drum, with its story of a people who, although they cannot send notes to each other because they cannot read or write, can send messages just as effectively through sounds and rhythms. There was bark cloth, which had been made by pounding the bark of a species of tree until the bark was flexible and workable. The designs on the cloth came in for admiration, especially when we discovered that the black figures were made with water, the iron and the tannin combination resulting in the color, which was absolutely fast. There were the gourd dippers, with their beautifully carved detachable wooden handles. There were musical instruments made of ivory. There was the back rest, the African easy chair, quite like our modern furniture; the beautifully woven watertight grass bag in which African children carry their books on their heads (a difficult proceeding, we found). Any or all of these objects were admirably adapted to interest children.



EXAMPLES OF CHILDREN'S WORK

STORIES

The children were eager to write about the things we were doing. A few of them wanted to make up stories of their own. The younger ones dictated their stories to grown people, the older ones were able to do their own writing. All of the material which follows was done at home and brought to the sessions.

The Road

I would like to have Chuma build a road so that Assam could drive a truck over it and carry books and Bibles to the schools.

Shiriel (six years)

When Assam grew to be a man he was a road-builder. He built roads so that teachers could come into Africa to teach the children. The missionaries could come, too, to teach the people about God. When Chuma grew to be a man he drove a mail truck and carried the mail to the villages.

Philip (seven years)

Drums from Africa

We had a lady visitor last Sunday. Her name is Miss Steinmetz. She brought two drums for us to see. One is named the call drum and the other is named the carrier's drum. The call drum is used in Africa, and when the people hear it they know by the sound it makes why it is calling them. It is made of wood, and it is rough inside and smooth outside. It is placed on sticks, and is then beaten to call the

people. The carrier's drum is made of metal, and is heavy to carry. The sound is made by swinging it back and forth when they wish to call the people.

William (eight years)

The Drum

Once Chuma was near a drum it was a big drum it was a call drum.

Chuma did not know that it was a call drum.

His brother did not know either.

Marion (seven years)

The African People

Way across the ocean is the land of African people. They are brown and they have curly hair and their hair does not grow long like ours.

The African people live in houses made of dry straw and sticks. The roof of their houses is made of woven palm leaves. They have windows but there is no glass in the windows and there is no door but a doorway at the front of the house.

Only the big boys and girls go to school. The little ones stay home and play.

When Mrs. Johnson was in Africa the king's greatest bull was hurt by a lion and died. The people felt the bull all over its body to see if it was dead. The priests made a magic dance, trying to kill all the lions in that part of Africa. The king said, "You cannot kill all the lions." So the priests were sent away from that part of the country. The African warriors tried to make a magic dance and they did all sorts of things, trying to tell the king that they would try to kill all the lions. So they went into the jungle and tried to kill the lions. They killed one lion. Mrs. Johnson was near by and shot the lion with her gun and killed it. Every time the warriors killed an animal they always danced around it in a circle and one man in the middle dug his

sword into the dead animal. Then all of the warriors dug their swords into the ground at the same time. Then they went back and told the good news to the king.

Evelyn (eight years)

A Game

The object of this game is to get to the other side of the room without letting the person in the middle catch them. The person in the middle is supposed to be a Negro beating a drum, and the children are standing so as to make the form of two lines. About three children on either side of the room. When the person in the middle of the room beats the drum the children run across the room and try to get to the other side without letting the drum beater catch them. When somebody is caught they help catch the others.

Grace (eight years)

The Adventure of Three Brothers

There were once three brothers. The first one's name was Assam, he was twelve years old. The second one's name was Ekecum, he was fourteen years old. The third one's name was Phantum, he was twenty years of age.

Now one day their mother said, "Go into the forest and hunt a lion for supper." They said that they would go. As they walked along to two roads, one went one way and the other boys the other way. So Assam and Ekum went one way. Phantum decided to go the other way. So they departed.

As Phantum had a habit of thinking out loud he said to himself, "I wish I heard a grrrrr." It happened that the others heard Phantum and shot that way and killed him.

Robert (eight years)

(Robert brought this story with a large picture that he had drawn to illustrate it. As he handed both to the leader

and they looked together at the picture he said feelingly, "This story has an awful sad ending.")

An African Story

There were two boys. Their names were Assam and Chuma. Assam was ten years old and Chuma was twelve years old. One day they were playing and they heard the call drum and they didn't understand it. And after a while they could. And it said a visitor has come to town today. Has come to town to stay. And they ran to the meeting hut. And it was a missionary. Come to teach them about Jesus. To teach them to write and read and be good. And when Assam and Chuma went off to play, the drum call was heard again. They went to the hut again. And there was a white man. It seems to those people white people are funny. Because they are black. His name was Sunga. And Sunga said to all the people that his men were going to build a school. For them to learn a lot of things. And Assam and Chuma went to the school when it was all built. And he said when the school was all built his men would build a road. And when Assam and Chuma went to bed that night they heard lots of noise. And they wondered what the noise was and they talked over things they did that day and what they had learned. And in the morning they saw what the noise was. It was Sunga's men starting the new road. It was ten days till it was finished. And one day Assam got sick and couldn't be made better. And Chuma thought he would do his brother a kind thing and went to the house that all the medicines were kept in. And got white pills. That made his brother better. And when he grew up he was a doctor. He became the greatest doctor in Africa.

Brian (eight years)

(Brian's sister, aged twelve, usually called for Brian and had become interested in the work of the group. Probably she helped Brian with this story.)

Abwa's Sickness

One evening the two brothers came home very tired and sleepy, and Assam lit the fire while Chuma went out to get sticks. When Chuma came in Assam told him that Abwa was very sick. Chuma looked up in Assam's face in astonishment because *his* sister *couldn't* be ill. She carried heavy loads and ran on such quick feet.

Next morning the father came to Assam and said, "Give me the best goat and bring it to the hut."

"Oh, not the best one, don't give that away," said Assam.

But his father showed him that they would have to give the very best, since it was a present for the medicine man.

"How sick my sister must be!" cried Assam.

Assam and Chuma went out to watch for the medicine man. When he came he looked just terrible with chalk and paint marks on his face. He went to Abwa's hut and jumped around and screamed. After he had been there two days he went away driving the goat ahead of him, and Chuma knew his sister was no better.

Assam remembered that Musunga had given white pills to the sick man, so he thought he would walk along the new road and see if he could find the hospital and the white doctor.

"You mind the goats," he told Chuma, "while I walk the new road." Chuma said, "I want to go with you."

"No, you've got to mind the goats, or Abwa will never get well."

So Assam went and Chuma told his father that he had gone to get the white man's pills. He watched the goats and waited a day and a night and finally he heard a honk honk down the new road. He looked up and saw Assam and the white doctor on a motorcycle. They went straight to Abwa's hut and the doctor gave her the white medicine and he told

them the fever came from dampness in the hut instead of from an evil spirit. Then she got well.

Jean (seven years, third grade)

REPORTS

A Visit to Simba

On Washington's birthday Jessie and I met Miss Moore and Evelyn. Miss Moore gave us a trip in the subway to reach the place where we were to see the moving picture "Simba." When we got there we met our teacher. The pictures were good. They were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson on their trip in Africa. We saw all kinds of wild animals, lots of big ones with big names like rhinoceros, elephants, crocodiles, lions and monkeys. We saw crocodiles on the bank of a river, and elephants came down and made the crocodiles splash into the water. It was a good show and we liked it.

William (eight years, fourth grade)

In the African Room

One Sunday afternoon I went to the Natural History Museum with our teacher and Miss Smith and William. We went to learn some new things about Africa because we are making an African village. The first thing we saw in the room was the big call drum. It is part of the trunk of a tree and has been hollowed out with a little slit left open. It is shaped like a turtle. It is just about as high as my neck. The Africans use two sticks to beat the call drum and they send messages on it from village to village. The second thing we saw was another call drum made of a hollow piece of wood with some kind of skin stretched over the top.

We saw some ivory. It was carved into spoons and forks and cups and combs. It was once a king's ivory and was

very precious and when the king died it was put in his tomb.[1] We saw long spears with points about a foot long. We saw cloth mats made from the bark of a tree. The decorations on the cloth were made with water that has iron in it. The iron stains the cloth.

Carleton (eight years, third grade)

COMMENTS IN CLASS

We worked on the cut-out village and talked while we worked.

"Have you any real friends who are colored?" I asked. "Oh, yes," Amy answered. "I have a friend next door who hangs up clothes in the yard."

"Has she always been your friend?" I asked. "No. At first when she lived there my brother called her names, but in the summer we went over and helped her weed the garden. Then she knew we were her friends."

We have recently had one little colored girl in our primary department who attends the same public school with some of the week-day group. We had a very frank discussion of how the children treated Emma Mae.

"Some of them are horrid to her, call her names all the time and laugh at her," said Wilbur. "Can you children do anything to help her, do you think?" I asked. "Yes," said Barbara. "I'll ask those boys why they are so mean."

Two of our very mischievous boys volunteered the information that the only colored person they really knew was their mother's laundress. "She hates us," said Wilbur. "Well, I know why," said Curtis. "I bet you played ball and hit her clean clothes with it. If you had helped her carry out her basket of clothes she would have liked you." A little sermon, that, and much to the point!

[1] This was the part about which Carl was incorrect; see page 90.

During our luncheon period we had played some records of African music. The children were much amused and laughed at "the funny way they talk." Peter said, "It seems funny to us because we can't understand them. If they heard us talk they would laugh too. It would sound just as funny to them as their language does to us."

The children were shown pictures of the Madonna and Child with African children grouped about them. Although the background was African, the Madonna was robed in the conventional garb. The children loved the pictures, while remarking that Mary must have been dreadfully hot and uncomfortable dressed in all those trailing garments in Africa.

James brought in a book about children in foreign lands and insisted on reading us an African story, "The Fable of the Lion and the Snake." He informed us, "The little African children love this story. It's like our hare and tortoise."

One of the children brought in a book containing a story about a little African boy. We decided to listen for something new about Africa, something we had not known before. James: "I didn't know their witch doctors were so much like our old Indian doctors." Barbara: "Imagine eating anything made of ants!" Sylvia: "I guess it's no worse than eating frogs' legs, and my father loves those."

At the conclusion of our own final story I remarked that it was the last. "The last!" several exclaimed. "Why, there should be a lot more stories!"

"What would you have the stories about?" I asked them, and these answers came from around the table:

"Chuma always wanted to ride on a motorcycle. Couldn't he *ever?*"

"I think Assam will be a road-builder when he grows up. I'd like to hear how he built a road through a new part of the jungle."

"Don't you think those boys could build a home all by themselves when they were bigger?"

"If Assam or Chuma went to a village where there was no teacher, perhaps they'd become teachers"—"or preachers," ventured the son of one of the Yale Divinity School professors.

"I think those black people are pretty nice," offered someone. "Don't you like their hair, the way it looks?" asked Charles. "Yes," Barbara answered; "of course, I don't want my *mother* black, but if she was, I'd like her that way."

COMPOSING MUSIC

This is a pretentious name for the thing the children did. As our musical director said, "Children's tunes are usually just saying the words, but they do say them rhythmically." I feel about the children's efforts to compose music as a writer in the first quarterly number of *Progressive Education* for 1928 expressed herself about the movement to make verse-writing universal: "We may not have greater poets than the past has given us, but we shall have more poetry in the daily outlook of men and women, which will be a saving grace to this materialistic age." So, while this kind of work may not make musicians, it will surely help the children to appreciate music. To be sure, this couldn't have been done without a musical director who was not only skilled as a musician but thoroughly sympathetic with children.

One day after we had been learning new hymns we began to say some of the Psalms we knew. I said to the

children, "You know, when these Psalms were first used, the people sang them instead of saying them. I wonder if you wouldn't like to make up some music for this Psalm?"—the One Hundredth. Evelyn, who can always be depended upon, started with a tune for the first line and our director of music wrote it down. Then we added another and another. Each time one of the children sang a line we talked about whether it fitted.
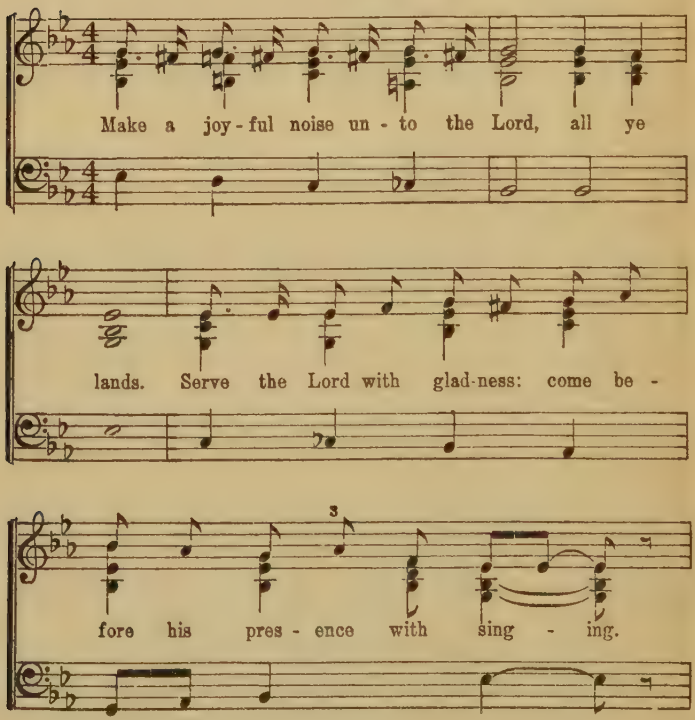
We had been singing part of the One Hundredth Psalm for several months to the music in one of our song-books. I don't know whether the children were conscious of it or not, but the music they were making up for the new lines of the Psalm had the same general flow and measure of the phrases they already knew. Our musical director noticed this and suggested that they work to make their own music flow into the familiar part. This they did.

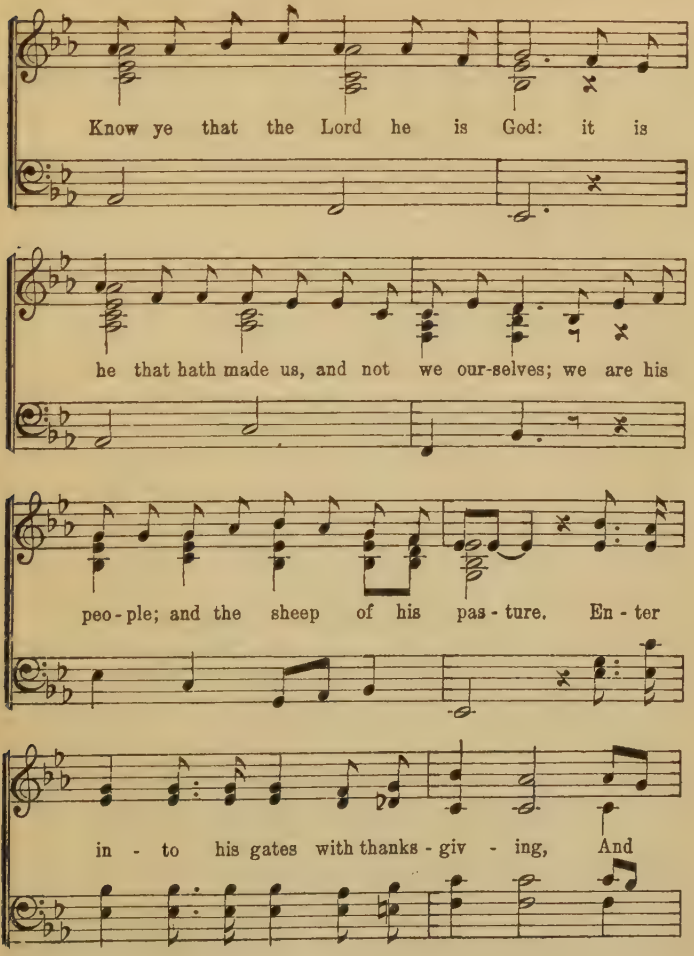
Their attitude the next Sunday was interesting. Evidently this had been their first experience in creative work of this type; we hadn't tried it in church school, and apparently none of them had in their day schools. When they started to sing their song, naturally they had forgotten a good deal of it, but they seemed to think that since they had made it, it was theirs to do with as they liked. The music director suggested that they listen while he played it, and then offer suggestions for any changes they wanted to make. With a few trifling changes, the music given below is exactly as the children sang it for the director that first time. (The music of the lines "Enter into his gates" through "For the Lord is good" is reproduced from the song-book *Carols* by permission of the Leyda Publishing Company.)
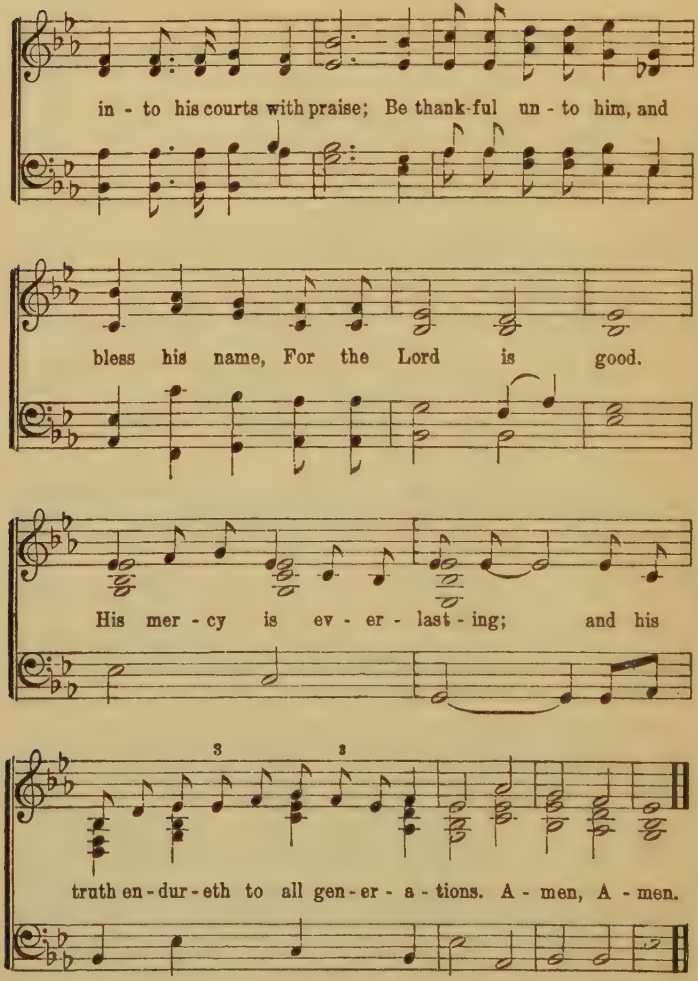
A few Sundays later our Director of Religious Education heard us sing the music, and after the children had

finished, Evelyn got a book, found the Psalm and said, evidently wanting to impress our visitor with our achievement, "It doesn't seem long when you say it, or even when you read it—see how short it is" (holding up the book and indicating the Psalm); "but when you sing it,—why, it's *awfully* long!" The children always refer to this music as "our own composition."

THE ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM




Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is
he that hath made us, and not we our-selves; we are his
peo-ple; and the sheep of his pas-ture. En-ter
in - to his gates with thanks-giv - ing, And


in - to his courts with praise; Be thank-ful un - to him, and
bless his name, For the Lord is good.
His mer - cy is ev - er - last - ing; and his
3 3
truth en - dur - eth to all gen - er - a - tions. A - men, A - men.

PRAYERS

During our entire project we prayed for the African children. One day I asked John if he would make up a prayer at home and bring it in, and the next Sunday he brought in a prayer which he read to the group. His prayer reflected, in spirit only, not at all in words, the conversation with the leader and her prayers. She was quite surprised at the form it took, and asked the group whether they felt it said all that they wanted to say. A little while before they had been talking about Dr. Mabie, and they now decided that they wanted to include her in the prayer. They told John and he promised to make the amendment. When he came the following Sunday he said to me, "I added what the children told me to and I know the whole prayer; I don't have to read it. I will give it in our worship service if you want me to." This is the prayer:

"Dear Father in heaven, bless the African boys and girls and make them as happy as we are in our homes. Please give them nice things to wear and lots of good things to eat. I wish that they might have many nice toys to play with. Give them kind parents and good teachers. Bless all the missionaries, especially Dr. Mabie. This we ask in Jesus' name."

The connection the children have been able to make between the African stories and our ordinary program is worth noting. In our regular prayers we now include the African children. Because our sessions last for the entire morning, we have crackers and water at some time during the period. We have a blessing, usually said by one of the children. Great stress is laid upon the fact that God makes the food grow everywhere, and on the petition that

"all the children everywhere may have nice food as we do," often with a special mention of the children in Africa.

In the course of our work, the children often wrote original prayers, sometimes at home and sometimes in class. Here are some that the teacher has treasured:

Dear God in heaven, please help Assam and Chuma to learn about you. Keep them happy and let them grow up to be fine men like Musunga. Amen.

Robert (eight years)

I thank thee God for my home and family and all good things thou hast given me. Please bless all the people who are ill and not healthey and happy. Amen.

Harriet (eight years)

Help our world be as much like heaven as it can. And make us like Jesus. We are sorry for the things that we do wrong and hope you will forgive.

Grace (eight years)

O Father we thank thee for all the wonderful things thou dost give us. For the flowers that bloom. For the Bibles and Sunday schools that we may learn about thee. Father in heaven we thank thee.

Jane (eight years)

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